Exclusive Interview with SARTRE

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CONTENTS

	Page
Comments on the Week's News	734
Aylmer Vallance	736
Corruption in the Police Force?	737
Sartre Views the New China. By K. S. Karol	737
London Diary. By Critic	739
This England	740
Morituri te Salutant. By Reginald Reynolds	740
Anticipating Murder. By Giles Playfair	740
Fleet Street Notebook. By Francis Williams	742
'Midst Pleasures and Palaces. By Ronald Blythe	744
The Arts and Entertainment:	
Operatic Production. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	746
Round and About. By John Berger	746
The Arts and Entertainment—*contd.*	Page
Home and Away. By Tom Driberg	747
The Young Charlie. By William Whitebait	748
Correspondence	749
From Professor Norman Sykes; Gerald Hamilton; Frank MacDermot; Canon T. B. Scrutton; W. M. Allcroft; Joseph Fleming; Norman St. John-Stevas; M. B. Shapiro; Maj. Gen. Sir E. L. Spears; Victor Silvester, Jnr.; Jacquetta Hawkes.	
MORE CHRISTMAS BOOKS	
The Great Little Duke. By Nancy Mitford	753
Reviews by Vivian Mercier; Desmond Shawe-Taylor; Francis Huxley; Jocelyn Brooke; Christopher Scott; Ralph Partridge; Irving Wardle.	
Books in General:	Page
Granville Barker. By T. C. Worsley	765
Poetry for Supper. By R. S. Thomas	766
Reviews:	
The New South. By Norman MacKenzie	766
New Novels. By Maurice Richardson	767
Under Western Eyes. By W. Macmahon Ball	768
Admirable Essays. By Andrew Wordsworth	768
A Londoner at Large. By Richard Strachey	770
City Lights. By Taurus	770
Week-end Competition	772
The Chess Board. By Assiac	773
Week-end Crossword. By Set-square	773

The Real Emergency in Cyprus

Events in Cyprus are moving rapidly towards a climax. Archbishop Makarios's statement last week-end, in which he declined to accept responsibility for future events, confirmed reports that the moderate element in the Enosis movement is losing control, and that the political initiative is passing to the gunmen of Eoka. Six British soldiers—including national servicemen—have already fallen victim to the terrorists, and the number of incidents increases daily. Sir John Harding has now declared a state of emergency. This means that Cypriots can be lawfully arrested without warrant, tried by court-martial and executed by firing-squad. They can be questioned without the presence of lawyers and indefinitely detained. Sir John, in fact, is now in a position to do anything—except restore order or solve the problem of Cyprus.

How does the government propose to check this frightening spiral of repression and revenge? Nobody knows. Last Monday, Mr. Lennox-Boyd faced an anxious and critical House of Commons. He was unable, he said, to make a full statement. Delicate negotiations were proceeding. He begged the House to be patient. He hoped to be able to say something in next week's debate. Meanwhile, reports from Athens indicate that the new British proposal has already been rejected. Why? Because, while conceding the principle of self-determination, it leaves the date at which it will be granted to the discretion of the British.

If these reports are correct—and the Colonial Office, significantly, has refused to deny them—then the government stands convicted of criminal folly. The breakdown of the London Conference in September made it abundantly clear that the Cypriots would accept an agreement only if it fixed a definite deadline for self-determination. At that time, there is reason to believe that the Archbishop might have been induced to accept a five-year delay. Pressure from the extremists may since have forced him to raise his demands. Britain has every right to try to extend the interim period in order to convince the Cypriots of the very real advantages of Commonwealth membership. But if they insist on self-determination within two years—or even less—it is plainly in our interests to accept.

For, if Cyprus opts for union with Greece, what does anyone stand to lose? British investments in the island are negligible. In the opinion of many experts, a military base of this size is an anachronism in the age of the H-bomb. And, in any case, the Greeks have repeatedly declared their willingness to grant facilities to Nato forces. Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Lennox-Boyd are, we understand, impressed by these arguments. It is Sir Anthony Eden, alarmed at criticism of his leadership within his own party, and anxious not to increase his reputation for "weakness," who hangs back. Hence the vacillations and obscurities in British policy during recent weeks. Yet Sir Anthony must know—as all competent observers have long since realised—that the government will eventually be forced to fix a date for self-determination, just as it was forced to accept the principle.

What Britain cannot afford is to wait upon events. When a colonial people is driven to use violence to attain independence, there is always a point at which the bitterness created by repression makes unconditional withdrawal inevitable—and subsequent reconciliation difficult. We passed this point in Egypt; we are nearing it in Cyprus. It is, therefore, imperative that the government should conduct the new negotiations with the firm intention of bringing them to a rapid and successful conclusion. They should announce this intention publicly. They should accompany it, in conjunction with the Greek government, with a solemn appeal for an armistice. In return, they should immediately suspend the state of emergency and release all political prisoners. Only such forthright decisions can provide the psychological shock required to shatter the present *impasse* of hatred and distrust.

Comments on the Week's News

The Soviet H-bomb Offer

Is the Russian offer to discontinue all atomic tests if the West will do the same a genuine one? It is being argued that, if it had been meant seriously, the proposal would have been made with diplomatic formality and not merely put out over the Moscow radio like any other propaganda. But, if this is fair criticism, does it not follow all the more that the West should have taken up even a hint of such a promise and swiftly turned it into a reality? As it is, there is a danger that Mr. Dulles, with his tepid phrases about the difficulty of finding a formula—and, even more, Sir Anthony Eden with his feeble complaint about lack of clarity—have walked into a trap: either a serious Russian initiative has been rebuffed; or bogus propaganda has lured the West into appearing to give such a rebuff. In fact, the difficulty of "finding a formula" has been greatly overrated. If the western powers take up the unofficial Soviet offer to stop tests of nuclear weapons, no agreement about inspection will be necessary to ensure that such an agreement is observed. For the radio-active particles, whose genetic dangers seem rapidly to be increasing, are self-advertising. Instruments in every country can detect an explosion on the other side of the world.

If a device is exploded at or near ground-level, the shock wave can be recorded by a seismograph. Above ground, sound waves are detectable thousands of miles away, and barometric pressure changes can show the size of an explosion. To discover the type of device, the experts study samples of the atmosphere collected in the filter-detectors of high-flying aircraft—a technique that told the Americans that the first Soviet H-bomb derived from lithium-6-deuteride. The latest Soviet test, the samples indicate, was of a fission-fusion-fission bomb, in which a plutonium detonator fuses some form of hydrogen envelope into helium, which in turn converts an outer casing of uranium 238 into fissionable plutonium, giving a cumulative explosion, with three types of radio-active by-products.

The new Soviet bomb was exploded so high that the fireball—about a mile in diameter—did not touch the ground. If it had touched land or water, the radio-active dust would have included elements from the earth's surface. Even so, the area exposed to serious contamination may be of the order of 100,000 square miles.

German Cross-currents

In West Germany, as our Bonn Correspondent reports elsewhere, Dr. Adenauer is trying desperately to counter the drift towards a Rapallo settlement by making a public example of Dr. Dehler, who advocates separate talks with Moscow. Meanwhile, east of the Elbe, the decks are being cleared for action. The reorganisation of the East German government has three principal objects: to strengthen internal security by enlarging the powers of the secret police, and by giving their director, Herr Wollweber, cabinet rank; to speed up heavy industrial development; and to begin overtures to the Bonn government by the creation of a new Ministry for All-German Affairs, under a "Liberal," Herr Loch. The net effect of the changes is to strengthen the Communist element within the government; indeed, paradoxical as it may seem, the adoption of a "harder" line—this week's Soviet *démarche* about the status of East Berlin is a sharp example—may speed up recognition by Bonn. The Communists doubtless calculate that so long as the Pankow government remained weak and unstable—with the chance of a repetition of the Berlin risings—West Germans would continue to believe that reunification was possible on their own terms. By emphasising the permanency of the regime, its leaders will encourage those politicians in Bonn who now maintain that a settlement cannot be obtained except on the terms outlined by Mr. Molotov at Geneva.

Formosa's Veto

The attempt to secure the block admission of 18 states to the U.N., sponsored by Canada and 24 other nations, ran into difficulties on Tuesday, when a Nationalist China spokesman revealed that his delegation intended to veto the admission of Outer Mongolia. For the past month it has been clear that Russia would support the motion only if all six of her candidates, including Mongolia, were admitted; and it was for this reason that Britain agreed to overcome her reluctance to endorse Mongolia. The United States, which originally refused to admit Mongolia, has been under heavy British and Canadian pressure in the last fortnight, and last week-end agreed to abstain—one of her principal reasons being that the new admissions, which will eventually be followed by an enlargement of the Security Council, would permit a solution to the deadlock over the vacant non-permanent seat on the Council. The Formosan decision, therefore, runs counter to U.S. wishes, particularly since it raises once again, in a sharpened form, the question of Chinese membership. Canada is now expected to transfer its motion from the *ad hoc* committee to the floor of the Assembly; if, as is expected, it receives 50 or more votes—an overwhelming majority—it will be very difficult for Formosa to maintain her veto. It is now clearly in America's interests to bring pressure to bear on the Formosa delegation to abandon their untenable position.

American Labour Unites

Next Monday, in New York, the American Federation of Labour and the Congress of Industrial Organisations will merge after a split that has lasted for nearly 20 years. Just after the depression, there were only three million trade unionists in the U.S., most of them enrolled in craft unions. The new A.F.L.-C.I.O. will have about 16 million members, organised in 145 unions and more than 77,000 branches: only the railway unions and the mineworkers will remain outside the new body. The original reasons for the split have disappeared. The impetus of war and post-war prosperity transformed the A.F.L., which now explicitly recognises "industrial" as well as "craft" methods of organisation, and the C.I.O.'s purge of Communist unions and officials removed one of the main A.F.L. objections to unity. Competition between the two federations had become expensive and unrewarding, and unity not only means that the new body can concentrate on recruitment drives; it also will remove one source of jurisdictional disputes and, possibly, lead to mergers between overlapping unions. Politically, the merger will undoubtedly strengthen the unions, and here again, in recent years the A.F.L. has moved closer to the C.I.O. position of broad support for the Democratic Party. The American unions, however, are likely to be very careful about direct and ambitious political action in the coming elections. Several of the C.I.O.'s interventions have served only to show that the union vote cannot easily be delivered. The emphasis of the new federation, in which the industrial unions of the C.I.O. will continue to act as a pace-setting nucleus, will be on securing social benefits by industrial rather than legislative action.

Equal—Not Separate

Another blow has been struck against segregation of negroes in the South, this time by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Reversing its ruling of 1887, which insisted that negroes must be given "separate, but equal" accommodation on inter-state common carriers, the Commission now rules against the Jim Crow railway coach, the special seats at the rear of buses, and separate waiting rooms at stations and terminals. The ruling only applies to trains and buses which cross state lines, for the I.C.C. has no jurisdiction over transport facilities which operate within a state. But the extension of the new rule to waiting rooms will be impossible and clearly lead to anomalies if an attempt has to be made to separate negroes who are proposing to cross a state line and those travelling within a state. The I.C.C. has thus followed the Supreme Court in reversing the "separate, but equal" judgment of *Plessy v. Ferguson*, which has maintained segregation for 70 years. At the same time, a Louisiana bishop has excommunicated three white Roman Catholics who beat a lay preacher for teaching the catechism to a mixed group of schoolchildren. The Roman Catholic church in Louisiana has announced that, despite the state government's reluctance to follow the Supreme Court, segregation will end in Catholic schools next year.

"We Told You So," says the T.U.C.

The T.U.C. General Council's statement on economic policy was issued just too late for comment in our issue of last week. Its principal features were a declaration of the prime necessity of maintaining full employment, and therefore of keeping inflationary tendencies in check; a "we-told-you-so" attack on Mr. Butler's spring budget; and a strong criticism of his autumn budget and the measures associated with it, as putting unfair burdens on the poorer consumers and cutting investment at the wrong places, by discriminating against the social services and the nationalised industries. These criticisms are valid; but they give little clear guidance to trade union policy in face of the government's action. In arguing for discriminating cuts in inessential investment, for licensing of building operations, and for restrictions on inessential imports, the General Council is putting the case for a planned economy as against one regulated mainly by monetary controls. This runs right against government policy; and the T.U.C.'s advice will clearly not be taken in this respect. As for the future, the General Council contends that Mr. Butler's measures are unlikely to be effective: while admitting that their probable effects on the cost of living may have been exaggerated, it stresses the magnitude of the psychological effects in stimulating wage-demands. In face of this, it can find no more to say than to exhort trade unions to bear in mind the dangers of inflation, and the need to prevent Great Britain from being priced out of the world market. All very true, no doubt; but what it all amounts to is that the Government has "asked for it," and that it will not be the T.U.C.'s fault if disasters ensue.

The New Moroccan Government

As expected, the Sultan of Morocco has called upon Si Bekkai, the independent nationalist leader, to form a provisional government, which will negotiate a new treaty with France. Although at the time of writing the allocation of ministerial posts has not yet been decided, it is expected that the government will consist of some 20 ministers, including two vice-premiers, from the Istiqlal and the Democratic Independence Party (moderate nationalists) respectively, and that half the cabinet posts will go to the Istiqlal. There will also be ministers for foreign affairs and defence, thus foreshadowing partial nationalist control in these spheres under the new treaty. The choice of Si Bekkai was an obvious one, both because he acts as a link between the two nationalist parties—whose rivalry has now come into the open—and because, in some ways, he is acceptable to the French community. Nevertheless, his appointment is viewed with grave misgivings in Paris: he has always maintained that French rule in Morocco has been based upon a misinterpretation of the Protectorate Treaty of 1912, which in his view implied no limitations on Moroccan sovereignty; and he has also argued that the delegation of legal and administrative powers to the caids and pashas—which forms the basis of French rule, particularly in the south—is illegal. It is feared that he will insist, in the forthcoming negotiations, that the Protectorate be replaced by a mere treaty of alliance, which would grant facilities to France under a most favoured nation clause, but which would, in all other respects, restore Moroccan sovereignty. This view is strengthened by reports that the Sultan is to undertake a series of state visits in the new year to Madrid, Cairo and Baghdad, and that his son, Moulay Hassan, is already negotiating directly with American companies, with a view to replacing French sources of capital investment.

Gold Coast Tension

The preparations for Gold Coast independence are moving towards preliminary completion by the middle of next year, but despite the progress made in training new personnel, the plans for transference of power have run into political difficulties. The government and opposition are still at loggerheads. In an attempt to meet one of the opposition complaints, Dr. Nkrumah has agreed to an inquiry into the Cocoa Purchasing Company. But he has been unfortunate in the timing of a new law reducing the power of the Asantahene and his Council over the local chiefs in Ashanti. This has evoked new criticism from the National Liberation Movement, which is dominated by the Asantahene and Ashanti interests, and fears that the government is planning to ride roughshod over its demand for federalism and introduce a unitary state. For this reason, the opposition is refusing to co-operate with the investigation now being conducted by Sir Frederick Bourne, the visiting constitutional adviser, whom Dr. Nkrumah had invited to inquire whether some form of federalism should be devised to meet the views of the N.L.M.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Chaos

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The collapse of the Faure government on Tuesday night was not surprising; the surprise lay in the fact it had lasted so long. M. Faure had not commanded a real majority since the Assembly reconvened in October, but had survived, from day to day, on an ever-changing kaleidoscope of votes, bought by threats, promises and every conceivable form of parliamentary trickery. His methods were, indeed, the subject of the savage philippic pronounced by François Mitterrand on Tuesday evening: "You have destroyed the confidence of the nation in parliamentary institutions . . . degraded the honour of the Assembly and of France. For two months you have prevented us from fulfilling our real duties as deputies . . . every vote against you tonight will be a vote in defence of democratic institutions. . . ." M. Mitterrand succeeded only too well: the 318 deputies who voted against M. Faure was a much larger number than expected. They included, of course, the C.P., who at one time were expected to abstain; but there was also a suspiciously large number of right and centre deputies who previously had supported the government. Indeed, it is possible that M. Faure instructed some of his supporters to abstain, or vote against, in order to ensure his defeat by a "constitutional majority" (314 votes) and thus allow him to ask the President for a dissolution under the present electoral law. The Opposition neglected to counter this tactic in the usual manner—that is, by voting for the government—because they were convinced that the government would be unwilling to go to the country under an electoral law which has been condemned by both chambers and is highly unpopular in the country.

However, when the government retired from the Assembly, a bitter struggle broke out in the cabinet, and it soon became clear that the M.R.P. and Independent ministers would press for a dissolution. M. Faure's own position was equivocal: his survival now rests largely on the return of a new parliament under the present electoral law; at the same time, by publicly supporting a course which is opposed not only by his own party congress and an overwhelming majority of Radical deputies, but even, in this case, by his Radical colleagues in the cabinet, he risks expulsion and, perhaps, the loss of his seat. He therefore adopted the tactic of supporting dissolution in the privacy of the cabinet, whilst "leaking" news that he was opposed to it.

The position is complicated by the fact that President Coty, who cannot formally refuse to dissolve the Assembly, is known to be firmly opposed. For, not only are the *pays légal* and the *pays réel* united in opposition to the electoral law but there are also overwhelming practical arguments against an immediate dissolution. Dissolution—for which there is only one precedent, MacMahon's ill-fated *coup* of 1877—entails a compulsory election period of 30 days; this would mean voting in January, when the roads in many parts of France are impassable, and electioneering over Christmas, which may well prove to be illegal. The President may, in fact, solve his personal dilemma by resigning in favour of the Speaker of the Assembly, M. Schneiter (M.R.P.); and this would be followed by presidential elections, adding further to the chaos. There is no doubt that M. Coty and the great majority of both chambers are in favour of a solution which would charge an uncommitted deputy, such as the elderly M. Queuille, with the task of forming a caretaker ministry whose sole mandate would be the passing of an acceptable electoral law.

Bonn

Crisis in the Coalition

Our Bonn Correspondent writes: Dr. Adenauer has lost the first round in the battle he started with his coalition partners, the Free Democrats, immediately on resumption of office last week. They have refused to sack their leader, Dr. Dehler, at his behest and have returned a defiant answer to his ultimatum to bind themselves hand and foot to his policies for the next two years. At first the party wavered under the impact of this ultimatum; but Dr. Adenauer went too far when on Monday night he received some of Dr. Dehler's party enemies without the latter's knowledge. Faced with this barefaced attempt to engineer an internal party crisis from outside, the party closed ranks. Dr. Dehler emerged from an all-day party meeting on Tuesday with a strained but triumphant smile and told the waiting journalists: "I have not been slaughtered after all." The curt negative reply to Dr. Adenauer's letter was at once made public. The Chancellor can now hold his fire and wait for the Free Democrats to make a false move and put themselves in the wrong, or he can make good his threat to sack them from the government. In the latter case it will be war to the knife. It will no longer be a question of more or less academic differences on foreign policy. The existence of the Free Democrats and the whole layout of West German politics will be at stake.

At the last election in 1955 the Free Democrats polled, in round figures, 3 million votes, against the Christian Democrats' 12 million, and the Social Democrats' 9 million. It will at once be seen what this means. Under P.R., the Free Democrats hold the balance of power—especially if, as looks likely, the Social Democrats gain at the expense of the Christian Democrats in 1957. Under the present modified P.R., the Free Democrats are at any rate a respectable third force. But with a British electoral system, they would be crushed like the British Liberals.

Dr. Adenauer is reliably reputed to aim at an electoral reform introducing the British system. In the Bundestag he could, with the Free Democrats once out of the Government, force it through with his small but absolute majority of Christian Democrats. This would not only destroy the Free Democrats and the other small right-wing parties, it would also, in all likelihood, condemn the Social Democrats to eternal opposition. For in a virtual two-party system, the Christian Democrats would mop up most of the present liberal and right-wing vote. Class consciousness would prevent the bourgeois right from voting for the Social Democrats.

Sheer self-preservation, therefore, would drive the Social Democrats and Free Democrats together, if threatened with such an electoral reform. They could do nothing about it in the Bundestag, but they could defeat it in the second chamber, the Bundesrat, if they formed a coalition in the states. At present, six of the nine West German states are governed by a Bonn-type coalition; but the Christian Democrats do not, as in Bonn, possess an absolute majority in any of them. Alone, or together with the Refugee Party, the Free Democrats could everywhere form governments with the Social Democrats. If this happened, they could, in the Bundesrat, block any change in the electoral law and, beyond this, make political life very difficult for Dr. Adenauer. But whether they have the necessary flexibility and determination for such a manœuvre is an open question. Many among them hanker for restored peace with Dr. Adenauer, if only the Chancellor would allow them to save their faces.

Westminster

Patronage

"Feeling fit, sir?" a reporter asked Sir Winston when he returned from his holiday.

"Very!" replied Churchill. "Have to! Anthony's getting old."

The anecdote, invented by Eden's friends, is apocryphal, but it has the bite of truth in it. Under the weight of his troubles, the Prime Minister has become testy and intolerant of criticism which he describes variously as "frenzied agitation" and "noises off." But if he complains that nothing he ever does seems to be right, it is because so much of it is, in fact, wrong in the judgment of his supporters as well as of his opponents.

The unpopular Finance Bill trundles on amid Labour derision, and occasional yelps of protest from the Tory backbenchers. To make matters worse, along comes Peake with his half-crown bone of national assistance to be delivered after Christmas. In St. Stephen's Hall, the Cypriots are waiting for Lennox-Boyd; in the Central Lobby the teachers are waiting for Eccles. Not to mention the Guildhall! Not to mention—well, the list's as long as your arm.

"Blunder, blunder, blunder!" the submerged stratum of the Tory Party mumbles to itself as it slouches through the lobbies. It is expressing the real divorce which exists between Tory leadership and the Tory mass-vote in the country. This vote is primarily a lower middle-class vote, sustained by the vote of wage-earners who aspire to be lower middle-class themselves. This vote is well-represented among the Tories in the House—the medium business-men, the state scholars, and so on; it has no representation, except for an under-secretary or two, in the Tory leadership, which remains as closed a fraternity as Phi-Beta-Kappa.

Before the new year, Eden will have to re-form his government. Will he give a chance to the proles, some of them men of considerable academic and commercial attainment, who, while able to achieve the chairmanship of committees by election, have then found themselves blocked by the power of patronage? If he doesn't do so, he may well find that, despite its tradition of keeping the row inside the family, the Tory Party may experience an overt brawl which will make Labour's erstwhile wrangles seem like tea-time banter.

Meanwhile, the voice of the sucking-dove can be heard in the shadowed corridors of Westminster. It sounds something like this—"Psst! Won't you *please* be a Labour peer?" And the reply of the sturdy commoner has been in most cases, "What—me? And lose my professional status?" Labour in the Lords is, undoubtedly, in a dilemma. Its 1945-1950 members, most of them surplus to the government requirements of the day, have dwindled. Should there now be more of them—the scrip of ennoblement being one of the few things which the Tories will be glad to dish out to the Labour and trade union movement—or less?

To be a peer, you have to be possessed of adequate personal financial means; in the absence of land, it may be enough to be a lawyer, a rentier, a tycoon, an industrial adviser, a journalist or a pensioner. On the Labour side, there are few well-qualified volunteers. Indeed, the view is now gaining ground in the Labour Party that there is something undignified in accepting a peerage, as if it were a bishopric in the gift of the Prime Minister; and that while a bi-cameral legislature may be desirable, there is no merit in such a system when the revising body is discredited from the start by reason of its method of recruitment.

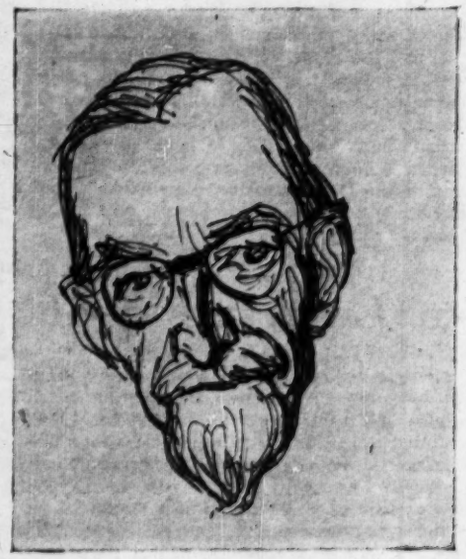
It is hard to believe that the prestige of Labour representation in the Lords could be improved, even by importing, as has been suggested, such dignified figures as Tom Williams, the ex-Minister of Agriculture. Not even he, with his air of an Assyrian notable who's wandered into the wrong senate, could make the anachronisms acceptable.

There will always be time for a Labour government to create Labour peers to promote legislation. For the time being, the only victims of Socialist abstention would be the aspirants to miniver—and the seatless who wait for by-elections.

MAURICE EDELMAN

Aylmer Vallance

1892—1955



EVERYONE was fond of Aylmer Vallance. Those who worked with him—and this was true of compositors and office-boys as well as of his editorial colleagues—all found that an immediate liking grew into a deep affection. Patient, unruffled and unpretentious, he was the perfect colleague. Among very talkative and opinionated people he listened, sifted and remembered, and he seldom forced his own opinions. A certain lack of personal ambition was itself part of his charm. He did not give himself single-mindedly to causes, least of all to that of his own career.

He was one of that remarkable pre-1914 Oxford generation that included G. D. H. Cole, Raymond Asquith, Walter Monckton, G. N. Clark and C. E. M. Joad; and, though in later years he became a financial journalist, he never forgot the Classics that won him honours at Fettes and Balliol. He became assistant editor of the *Economist* and then Tom Clark's successor as editor of the *News Chronicle*, where he introduced several of its most lively contributors, such as Ian Mackay and Gerald Barry. He was assistant editor of this journal from 1937 until his death last week at his home on Primrose Hill.

Aylmer was a reticent man, not given to talking about himself, but when good company thawed out his natural shyness he could tell fascinating tales about pre-1914 London or about his Indian Army service on the Indian and Burmese frontiers, including a hand-to-hand revolver duel in the jungle. One of his best memories was his journey—in Sikh disguise—from Karachi to Singapore. In 1939 he was appointed an intelligence officer in the War Office, and he had the particular duty of briefing the Political Warfare Department with the military news. He also wrote the military appreciation that appeared weekly in this journal: it was remarked by the censor that the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION was the only paper which was never likely accidentally to give anything away to the enemy, because it was the particular job of our military correspondent to know what might not be said.

Though he was never much interested in party politics, he was by temperament against authority and pomposity in public life: any rebel could count on his support. All his life he was a Socialist, and during the general strike—when he was working in a shipping office in the City—he was one of the free-lance professionals who helped the trade unions with publicity and propaganda. Many people who took part in the lively politics of the Chamberlain period will recall his delicious performance as the judge in the mock trial of David Low, indicted under the Incitement to Disaffection Act, for seducing the editor of this journal from his allegiance to King and Country.

He was an immensely accomplished and versatile journalist. He read prodigiously and at an extraordinary speed, and he remembered more than seemed possible. He was able to turn his hand with enviable ease to almost any subject, and over a surprisingly wide range of topics he wrote from practical experience as well as book knowledge. His articles in this journal on the fishing industry, for instance, attracted so much attention in Whitehall that he was summoned to high-level departmental conferences on the future of the white fish industry. In recent years he wrote a long series of articles on the handcrafts that had survived the industrial revolution, and many experts wrote to congratulate him on his detailed and accurate accounts of the complex processes used in such trades as sword forging, glass blowing, the casting of church bells, and the manufacture of cutlery, sporting-guns and bagpipes. Before the war, he had written a couple of books on City finance, and, in his most recent volume, *Very Private Enterprise*, published this year, he told the story of several financial frauds in such clear detail that even the non-expert reader could understand exactly how these frauds had been carried out.

Aylmer was a romantic Scotsman, and for some years he owned a croft in the Highlands. Of the many things he could do well, there was none that gave him more pleasure than fly-fishing a Scottish loch. But he was as much a European as a Scotsman; he was, in the most literal sense, a man of the world and he could have settled down happily in any of a dozen countries. He had an immense (but highly discriminating) capacity to enjoy the pleasures of life; especially he liked good food—he was himself an admirable cook and once wrote a series of articles on unusual recipes—good wine and travel. He never tired of travelling, and holidays were an excuse to sample lesser-known vintages, dishes and dialects.

He had planned to retire in a year or so, and, not unreasonably, he looked forward to another ten years which he hoped to spend mainly in Austria, possibly writing memoirs, but certainly walking in the mountains, as he had done so tirelessly over the Scottish moors, and perhaps catching even finer trout than those he had fished in his native country.

Corruption in the Police Force?

To say that any particular country has a corrupt police force is to say that a considerable majority of its policemen are the accomplices of its criminals, without even the honour supposed to exist among thieves. No one would suggest that this is true of the British police; and whenever a succession of criminal trials excites the public, as in recent weeks, to a general charge of corruption against them, the accusation really is that they are being bribed to remain inactive in two clearly definable areas of the criminal law. These are, first, laws which are out of harmony with majority opinion; and, secondly, laws in respect of which the police have insufficient powers and are themselves therefore constrained to operate on a level that must often appear quasi-criminal. The former, which includes all the gaming, betting, and licensing laws, is so well known as a source of petty corruption that only the British genius for self-deception could explain its constant denial in public life. The second, which concerns the facade of sexual morality and the unavoidable dependency of all police systems upon familiar contacts among the criminal counter-society, is popularly condemned as much the more sinister. And its exposure is rare enough to encourage the belief that its incidence is equally rare.

But parallel with this division of the law into corrupting and non-corrupting areas, there undoubtedly exists within the police service a division between two standards of exposure to corruption—the "uniform" branch and the C.I.D. For almost a century the uniformed policeman has suspected the C.I.D. man, rightly enough in some cases, of lining his pockets in a way that is not open to the "man on the beat," tied and conspicuous as the latter must always be by virtue of his more circumscribed duties. Some uniformed men, accordingly, will always "make what they can"; and they are vastly encouraged in this by the amiable and ingratiating motorist who will produce half a crown at the first hint of trouble—and who deserves a police force that is corrupt to a man. But wherever in the general run of any policeman's duty—or even outside it—he can do a good turn without neglecting his duty, then it must be the experience of most people that he does not welcome the gratuity that can shade off so easily into real corruption.

In other words, he is the same kind of citizen as most of us. So much must have been clear to a majority of people before Sir John Nott-Bower, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner, staged his extraordinary declaration of confidence in his men at Savile Row as a counter-blast to the attacks of the *Daily Mail*. But before he is criticised for protesting too much, before even he is blamed for denying *in toto* what the *Daily Mail* was able to prove was at least partly true, it should be remembered that of the 200 uniformed constables he was addressing, many were almost certainly young men ready, at the slightest excuse, to hand in their resignations and go after jobs where they would have better pay, decent hours, the respect of their wives and girl friends, and freedom from public obloquy. None of this, however, can reasonably be said for the solemn and gratuitous pronouncement the next day, in similar terms, by the Chief Magistrate at Bow Street, of whom it must be said both that the defence of the police does not officially concern him and that he should not allow it to appear that it does. It is well over a century since the Bow Street justices controlled the police; and the change closed a chapter which, especially in the atmosphere of the moment, is best forgotten.

Moreover, at the Old Bailey on Tuesday, Lord Goddard said that the "faked evidence" case, in which a detective-sergeant had accepted a £300 bribe for concocting a false (though unsuccessful) defence in a case of house-breaking and larceny, afforded "serious and disturbing evidence" of what the Chief Magistrate had repudiated. "If a false charge or a false defence is to be concocted and placed before the court," he said, "it seriously imperils the justice on which we in England pride ourselves."

This case shows that brothels exist in the West End of London and suggests, as many people commonly allege, that there are police officers who will accept money from their proprietors. This is a revolting state of affairs, for which no kind of excuse need be sought, and for which, unhappily, there are certain precedents in the history of the Metropolitan Police. But the clamour of indignation should not be allowed to drown the quiet voice of probity. We have a police service that can sweep its own stables: we do not have to create an F.B.I. or set up a special committee to do a job that cannot be trusted to the police. And these recent events contain a further warning, especially salutary at a moment when a Home Office committee is examining the prostitution laws and their enforcement. Any new Draconian measures against street prostitution will produce an immediate increase both in brothels and in call girls in flats. If you make it difficult for men and women to meet in the street, you create a vacancy for the man who will make a business of bringing them together. That man will embellish the process with competitive attractions; and he will make money on such a scale that he need have no fear of any but the most resolutely incorruptible police officer.

That a large number of these are to be found in every police force in this country is due no doubt in part to the knowledge that a court conviction for corrupt practice means total ruin, that even an acquittal is quite likely to bar further promotion; and that even where the evidence of bribery is insufficient for a prosecution, it is quite likely to be held sufficient for disciplinary action. But it is also due to the fact that men of a thoroughly decent type join the police service with some sense of vocation. These men, who are worth their weight in gold, will always protest against the notion that a spectacular rise in pay (much as they would like it and thoroughly as they deserve it) is a *sine qua non* to an incorruptible police service. We believe, with Lord Goddard, that "our police forces in England are, as a rule and by and large, honest": but we think also that these occasional exposures of dishonesty should stimulate constant re-examination of any laws that may be giving rise to them.

Sartre Views the New China

Jean-Paul Sartre has just returned from a two-months' voyage in China. He travelled the length and breadth of China accompanied only by an interpreter. Although in recent years he has been closely associated with the French Communist Party, he remains first and foremost an individualist; his impressions of China are therefore of considerable interest. Since his return he has categorically refused to make any statement to the press on his trip. It was therefore something of a surprise when he agreed to give an exclusive interview to this journal. The meeting took place in his flat in the Rue Bonaparte, over a desk loaded with manuscripts and books.

My first question was: "Is there a Chinese version of Marxism, and is it true that the Chinese Communists have succeeded in 'absorbing' into their philosophy the traditional currents of Chinese thought?" Sartre brushed the question aside. "Marxism is exactly the same in China as in Europe. As for Confucianism, it lost its vitality a long time ago, and has become simply a system of manners. That is why there can be no resistance to the penetration of Marxism, which is a complete philosophy. The problem of interpenetration does not therefore exist. Having become a system of manners, Confucianism is in a sense, practised every day by all the Chinese. It is very difficult to sum up a Chinese. This is not because he hides anything from you, but precisely because of this system of manners—a certain reserve and discretion in human relationships—which, at the same time, is not a sign of hostility or coldness."

Although Sartre, by now, was talking with considerable warmth and fluency, I felt that we had not got down to the subjects which interested him. I tried literature. He had nothing to add about the Hu Feng case—except that he found that most Chinese writers were not particularly concerned about it. According to him, the accusations made against this progressive literary critic—who is also a member of the Chinese parliament—are contradictory. He has been accused both of attacking government control in literary matters and, on the evidence of letters published at the time of his arrest, of attempting to create a counter-revolutionary movement in literature. "The creation of a literary underground movement," said Sartre, "can only be achieved in silence. But Hu Feng talks a great deal." "In any case," he added, "Chinese writers are not concerned by the Hu Feng affair or party directives. Each of them accepts the fact that he must be *engagé*, and nostalgia for pure æstheticism is rare. They are much more pre-occupied with ways and means of raising literary standards. They want to persuade writers, while remaining within the framework of Marxist directives, to create more complex works in order to intensify the conflicts in their heroes. When Chinese novels deal with situations before the Revolution, they are usually success-

NEXT WEEK

Crime and Credulity

C. H. ROLPH

The Calling Trumpets

WILLIAM EMPSON

Studies in Social History

ASA BRIGGS

ful. But novelists can't seem to treat post-revolutionary situations in an interesting manner, and they usually settle for a standard ending. If Chinese Marxist literature is to become viable, more subtlety will have to be introduced."

I next asked Sartre if the Chinese Revolution has, as in Russia, produced a new galaxy of literary talents. "No, there is no comparison," he replied. He explained, at some length, that in Russia the Communists had created Socialism out of military defeat and had established their regime in a country in a state of chaos. In China exactly the opposite happened—the Chinese revolution was engendered by victory, made with the approval of the entire population, and led to stabilisation in the cultural, as well as the economic, life of the country. In such conditions, literature itself tends to become more disciplined. I didn't quite follow his line of reasoning here, but I didn't want to get involved in an argument—particularly since I felt that we had still not touched upon the issues which really interested him.

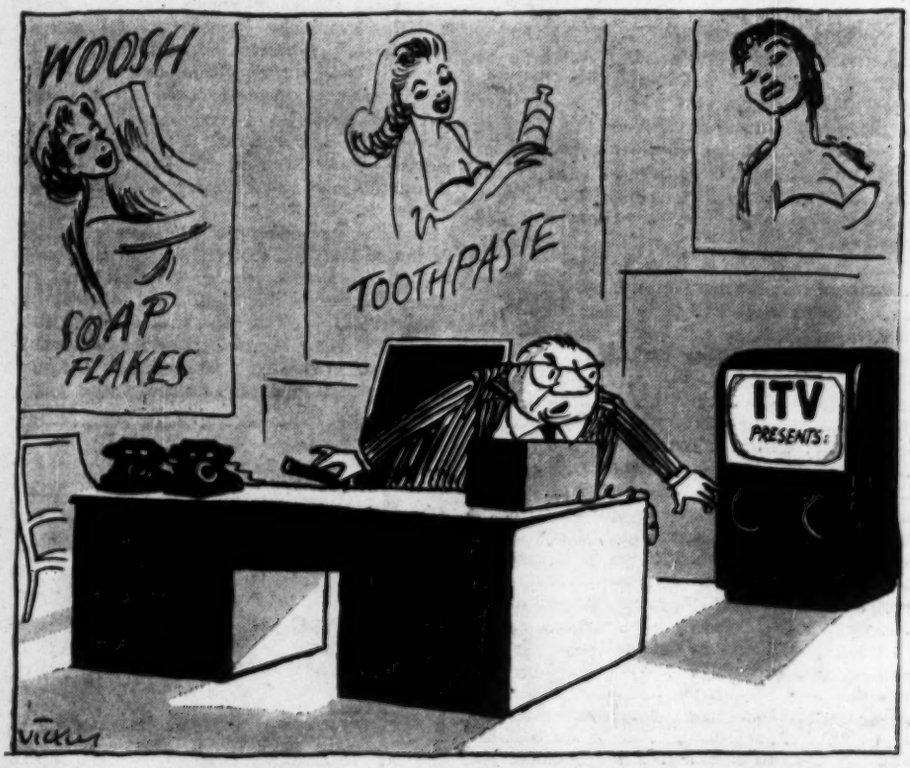
When I mentioned collectivisation, however, he became far more animated—and I realised why he had agreed to the interview. He had been extremely annoyed, he said, by a recent spate of articles in the press about the new wave of collectivisation in China. Sartre is a polemicist in the way he writes, in the way he talks—indeed, in everything he does—and the words poured out in torrents. "China," he said, "is not undergoing a second revolution. There will be no Russian-style collectivisation. Those who have interpreted Mao Tse-tung's report in this sense have obviously never been to China and understand nothing about Chinese collectivisation. The Chinese have studied Russian experience in this sphere, and they intend to keep collectivisation on an entirely voluntary basis. The method is to persuade the Chinese peasants that they can gain more—or at least as much—by belonging to a collective farm. And, to convince them, they don't rely so much on purely political propaganda as on practical demonstrations. This has proved successful wherever they have been able to show the peasant that his conditions improve by belonging to a co-operative. One example is in tea-growing. Previously, during the drying process, the peasants had to spend many days and nights stoking the furnaces and inspecting the ovens. Today, in a collective farm, a single man performs this operation for 15 or more ovens—with consequently higher profits. I could give you other examples from rice-growing, but the principle is perfectly well known: collectivisation is introduced only where it is a paying proposition—both for agriculture and for the peasants. Peasants who join a collective can always contract out if they want to. I know cases where peasants have joined and resigned four times. I am convinced that, because of this principle, China will not become fully collectivised until there are enough tractors and other machinery to rationalise working methods throughout the country and thus sell collectivisation to all the peasants. The danger of hasty and forced collectivisation is purely imaginary."

I asked Sartre if the mentality of the peasant, which in Europe has proved the biggest obstacle to collectivisation, had produced any difficulties in China. According to Sartre, the psychology, traditions and habits of the Chinese peasant are very different from those in Europe. Besides, he said, the success of collectivisation varied greatly from one region to another, and there were other complex factors. In northern China, for example, where liberation occurred much sooner, and where the peasants played an active role in the fighting for a long time, they had become highly politicised, and, in some ways, this had made the creation of co-operatives much easier. At the same time, since the breaking-up of the estates occurred earlier in the north, the emergence of what Mao Tse-tung has called a class of "capitalist" peasants—who were, of course, opposed to collectivisation—was more advanced. In the south, where the overwhelming majority of the peasants had never possessed independent farms, and where land redistribution only took place in 1952-3, collectivisation had obviously not experienced the same problems and difficulties.

Was there any danger, I asked, that Chinese agriculture would find it impossible to cope with the ever-increasing population unless the Government took a more authoritarian line with the peasants? Sartre replied that the Chinese government was considerably less worried by that than we in the West. "If you ask them questions about it," he said, "they tend to become irritated. This point was raised by the Labour Party delegation, one of whose members suggested that demographic pressure would force China to become imperialist. But the Chinese had a ready answer. There was, they said, no connection between the population of a country and its imperialist policies. Britain, despite a relatively small birthrate, conquered India; India, despite its gigantic birthrate, has never tried to conquer Britain. In Peking, they explained to me that only 15 per cent. of the land is under cultivation, and that what China really needs is to colonise her own countryside. In fact, the party leaders are not really concerned by the growth in population. They deny statements made here that it is increasing at the rate of 10 million every year. There are family planning advice centres in the towns, but there has been no nation-wide campaign to promote birth-control."

At this point, Sartre abruptly changed the subject, and began to talk about the Chinese government's campaigns against corruption, waste and dirt. "In the campaign for hygiene," he said, "they had to persuade people to get rid of their lice. Some peasants thought that lice were part of their bodies, and that they performed the function of absorbing bad odours. They knew from folk-tales that the emperor had three himself. The authorities made enormous photographic enlargements of lice, and put them up all over the country. It took time, but it worked in the end. The campaign was just as successful as the better-known one against flies. Both show what can be done when an entire people is mobilised for a precise and limited object."

I then asked—with a touch of scepticism—if the Chinese didn't allow themselves to be mobilised more readily than Europeans. Sartre became visibly annoyed. Immediately, I ceased to be an interviewer and became an antagonist. "The whole time you have been asking me negative questions," he complained. "On every subject you look for comparisons with Europe. You are trying to justify your scepticism." I did not know how to refute this charge: the fact that I represented the NEW STATESMAN was in itself, surely, sufficient guarantee that I was not anti-Asian; and if I tended to look for comparisons with Europe, this was because I had never been to China. But in any case, I did not have time to protest. Sartre decided to ask his own questions from now on. "What impressed me most about China?" he asked. "I'll tell you: I was overwhelmed by the unity of purpose shared by the people and their leaders. One of the many things that are disappearing in China is the passivity of the masses. They have confidence in their leaders, and they are working towards the realisation of concrete objectives which are presented to them with simplicity and clarity. I call it the auto-determination of the masses. I'll give you an example—the conquest of illiteracy. The Government were aware that they could not provide enough schools or teachers. So they launched a public appeal:



"When I hear the word culture, I reach for the switch."

everyone who knew how to read was to teach at least one of his neighbours. It worked. Enormous progress has been made. Thanks to this auto-determination, the face of China is changing with spectacular speed. Misery still exists—but it's nothing comparable to what you can see in certain colonies. It has become what you may call asepticised misery. Thanks to a collective effort, the inhuman aspects of misery—dirt, slums, and so on—have already disappeared.

"How have these collective successes been possible? Because of the enormous intelligence of the Chinese masses. This is not symbolised by individual intelligence. A Frenchman you meet in the street may appear far more cunning than a Chinese. But the Chinese people have a certain collective capacity to understand very clearly extremely complicated tasks, and to work together for their accomplishment. They also have a sense of faith and abnegation. Their leaders frankly explain that they can promise the present generation little, that only the provisional stages can be tackled now, and that it will take 50 years to create the New China. The people do not find this discouraging: they have a vision of the New China, and work for it, as if it were going to become real tomorrow."

After paying homage to Chinese wisdom, Sartre said that the quality of some of the intermediary officials—those who stood between the leaders and the masses—left a lot to be desired. But we had already been talking for two hours, and it was clearly time to go. As I got up, Sartre said: "I'm sorry we haven't had time to get down to another important problem—economic development, which will decide, in the last resort, whether the regime is viable." Viable? Could there, I thought, be any possible doubt after so many successes and such assured prospects? Sartre hastily corrected himself: "I employed the wrong word. What I meant to say was that, having awakened the Chinese masses, it will be necessary to industrialise rapidly to satisfy the new appetites—material, technical, cultural—which will inevitably follow. You can see it already. Among the peasants, industry exercises an enormous appeal. There are huge queues in front of exhibitions of Czech machinery. There is an overwhelming desire in the peasants to own these machines. But it is more difficult to produce tractors than to kill lice. Failure to industrialise quickly enough could well produce difficulties for the regime."

While Sartre was showing me out, I asked him about Russian aid to China, and whether it was true that there was a certain coldness in Sino-Soviet relations. He thought that Russian aid was substantial but, perhaps, insufficient. The Russians were extremely popular in China and were well received everywhere. I reminded him of reports by certain British journalists. "That," he said, "is the influence of Confucianism—that's the way the Chinese are. Even when they receive you with open arms, their behaviour appears distant from time to time."

Once in the street, I tried to get my ideas in order. Sartre is an exceptionally difficult man to interview: he wants to tell you everything at once, he refuses to be guided by questions, you are overwhelmed by his verbal skill, his polemical brilliance, and charmed and seduced by the form as well as the content of his conversation—without always being convinced. If you try to get him to repeat a sentence, in order to understand it better, to discuss or admire it, you find he is already talking about something else. China, it is clear, has made some powerful impressions on him. We must hope that some day, soon, he will record them himself.

K. S. Karol

London Diary

Knowing personally of cases where heroin has eased the final agonies of death from cancer, I am emotionally biased in favour of the campaign which *The Times* is conducting against the government. But I am restrained by several considerations which most of the protesting doctors have neglected. First, the Minister has not acted without highly competent medical advice; the Standing Medical Advisory Committee does not merely represent the heads of the three medical Colleges but includes surgeons, specialists and G.P.s who seem to have agreed that heroin is no longer necessary. Secondly, many of the letters of protest altogether neglect the importance of co-operating in the W.H.O.'s fight against heroin addiction, and one has an uncomfortable suspicion that some part of the medical opposition is based simply on a professional objection to any kind of "interference" by the state in a matter which they regard as the peculiar province of their own guild. One of the strongest arguments against the ban is that the very small number of addicts in this country would still get a synthetic heroin, even if it were banned, while honest doctors who found no substitute for it in the case of the most terrible pains known to mankind, would not be able to prescribe it. Reviewing the pros and cons of this, I find myself reduced to asking first, if it is not possible to establish beyond argument whether or not there is any condition where pain can only be relieved by heroin? I note that the current issue of the *Lancet* draws attention to the fact that some hospitals use a great deal of heroin while others find substitutes adequate—which suggests that the protests may be partly due to professional conservatism. If, on the other hand, there are cases which can only be relieved by heroin—or even if there is a chance that this is so—then is it impossible to make arrangements by which, even if the general use of heroin is banned, there should be a supply available for a doctor who is prepared to declare that none of the substitutes will save his patient from intolerable suffering?

* * *

The news of Harold Wilson's dead-heat with Alice Bacon for the chairmanship of the Organisation Sub-committee of the Labour Executive, and of the dropping of the much discussed "committee of four" (through which Mr. Wilson was supposed to be going to dominate the Labour machine) has sent both the press and the constituency Labour Parties into a frenzy of speculation. I have heard it suggested that there has been a successful revolt by the trade unions against the rapid rise of that dangerous Bevanite, Wilson. The facts, I understand, are rather different. In the first place, the division is not between right and left, or even between trade union and constituency party; it is rather between the abler, more vigorous members of the Executive, who are trying to carry out a managerial revolution in Transport House, and the "little people" whose control of the party ensures a policy of "no change." This group—Harry Earnshaw, Wilfred Burke and Alice Bacon can fairly be described as representative of it—seem to have become alarmed at the rapidity with which power looked like passing into the hands of a few outstandingly able men such as Wilson, Gaitskell and Crossman.

* * *

Those who wished to wreck this managerial revolution were doubtless in full accord with Morgan Phillips. Aided by one or two bits of luck (such as the absence on parliamentary duty of Attlee, Wilson and Gaitskell at the time of one important vote), they have managed to keep supporters of the Wilson-Gaitskell axis out of some of the important sub-committee chairmanships. The appointment of Mr. Earnshaw, for instance, as chairman of the Finance Sub-committee is merely absurd and strengthens the no-change element in the important new Committee of Chairmen, which is taking over many of the responsibilities of the old Election Sub-committee. All this, however, though infuriating to most party members, amounts to no more than a minor tactical success. As to the scrapping of the "committee of four," Mr. Wilson himself had abandoned this plan as long ago as the Margate Conference; and on his proposal it has now been replaced by a special sub-committee of the Organisation Sub-committee. This new "sub-sub-committee," which is to be responsible for "field organisation," is to consist of Harold Wilson, Jack Cooper, Arthur Skeffington and Margaret Herbison—in other words the original Wilson Committee itself—plus the chairman of the Organisation Sub-committee, if he is not already one of these. Thus the crux of the matter is this chairmanship. If, as I expect, Harold Wilson is decisively elected to it at the second shot, he (and incidentally Mr. Gaitskell) will have lost nothing that matters. If he is not, I forecast that those who engineer his defeat will succeed only in making themselves figures of contempt throughout the Labour movement.

* * *

The Indians, I'm afraid, regard most of the British comments—and especially the cartoons—on the visit of the Soviet leaders to India, simply as displays of spite and envy. They are wrong. The explanation is ignorance, not wickedness. The cartoons show Bulganin and Krushchev as two ogling ogres pouncing on a helpless country, with a poor pygmy Nehru gesticulating in helpless ineptitude. Actually, the Russians' visit has greatly strengthened Nehru's already dominant position. The Indian Communists, who until this year built their position on denunciation of Nehru as a tool of western capitalism, now have to build him up as "the foremost statesman of our age"; as Nehru the peacemaker and the builder of India's new industrial economy. It is comic, for instance, to read a recent edition of *Blitz* entirely devoted to an extravagant build-up of Nehru, and to remember its bitter and libellous attacks on him only a few years ago. Of course, the line may change again after a time; Nehru may be compared with Chiang Kai-shek, and Indian Communists encouraged again to disrupt and sabotage. But the present line is to back the new five-year plan in the belief that state capitalism may bring the workers a stage nearer to the revolution. In the short run will not an India which takes help from the U.S.S.R. move imperceptibly away from western affiliations? To some extent, of course. Anyway Indians will shout about Russian aid and keep quiet about the aid they receive—without strings—from the West. Few people even noticed that just before the Russians' visit Mr. Lester Pearson arranged with Nehru for India to accept, under an extended Colombo Plan, two special aircraft to destroy crop pests, an atomic reactor and a magnotometer to survey India's mineral wealth, especially petrol. It was, of course, quite true that the Russians made a great impression. The play on the anti-colonial feeling of India and South-East Asia is easy money, and it is the West's fault if they can do it. But I think most Indians must have felt a certain nausea when Bulganin said that Russia was prepared to share her last crust with India.

I gather from British critics in Moscow that our visiting performance of *Hamlet* is good, but not very good; that it has been tumultuously applauded by audiences and praised, but with reservations, by Soviet experts. The Moscow public longs for contact, artistic, economic and ideological with the western world and would no doubt praise a much less good British performance. But I wish I knew what these ardent Soviet theatre-goers say to each other after the curtain has gone down for the twelfth time. They have seen many *Hamlets*, and Shakespeare, like other dramatists in Moscow, is usually played with a great elaboration of scenery. I was much impressed both in Leningrad and in Moscow a few months ago by the enthusiasm which the audience displayed about the mechanics of the stage; they like the semblance of real water and a stage storm with them is really meant to cause alarm. I doubt if Rheinhardt in Germany, let alone Beerbohm Tree here, ever went so far in realism. *Hamlet*, of course, does not offer the scenic temptations of opera. But the *Hamlet* I saw in Moscow had an elaborately divided stage for the players' scene and overcame some of the difficulties of the holocaust at the end by a great panoply behind which the King tried to take refuge when Hamlet chased him with envenomed sword. Much the most remarkable example was a scene in which a grille was dropped from the ceiling to the floor so that the populace in a revolutionary mood could menace the reactionary King and so give more than the usual political weight to his explanation to Laertes (Act 4, Scene 7) that one of the reasons why he could not arrest Hamlet was "the great love the general gender bare him." One wonders whether the absence of a political emphasis of this kind is noticed in Moscow as a proof that in bourgeois England we emasculate Shakespeare for political reasons, and whether some members of the theatre public may even prefer the comparative simplicity of our staging of Shakespeare, which is designed to bring out the swift rhythm of the play and, incidentally, to make *Hamlet* last three and a half hours instead of five.

* * *

In the thirties I began the habit of ending this diary with a current story which made a political or social point. There was seldom a dearth of such cracks; often they came from the Stock Exchange or Germany. Now they seem to have dried up. Why? One reason may be that there are no longer so many business lunches in which speakers must be funny and topical. Or is it just that since the war this type of anecdote has crossed the Atlantic? They still flourish, I think, in New York and Washington. A friend to whom I put this point added an interesting speculation. He suggested that instead of jokes which appeal to the reading eye, the wireless and the movies have accustomed us to the high-speed, destructive wise-crack. So we tend to laugh nowadays, I suppose, at the bidding of the ear; and today's most successful jokes lose much of their effect in print.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The fundamental good sense and decency of the British people are rejecting decisively all attempts by Independent TV to give them what is loosely called culture.—*Daily Mail.* (D. R. Boe.)

He served in the Yeomanry not because he hated Hitler but because he liked the horses—and the men.—*Daily Telegraph.* (E. G. Breeze.)

Lord Cholmondeley has surprised the House of Lords this week by making his maiden speech—32 years after succeeding to the title. For four minutes he spoke knowledgeably on the extermination of rabbits. . . . His maiden speech is not the first occasion he has sprung a surprise. A few years ago he suddenly changed his former unlovely handwriting into an elegant italic script.—*Daily Telegraph.* (D. Gardiner.)

It is fairly well known that real pearls should be worn next to the skin to keep them lustrous but I doubt if many women have followed this rule as steadfastly as the Marchioness of Cambridge—who has revealed that she has never taken off her pearls in 30 years, except to have a bath.—*Star.* (D. P. Cameron.)

"People think I am mad. But when I gave up my boy friend I had to do something to break the monotony and it is not every day you get the chance to be fired from a cannon."—*Daily Express.* (D. Purcell.)

Morituri te Salutant

Lunar realtor Harry Hall, of Miami, has accused the Interplanetary Development Corporation, Inc., of claim jumping by selling plots on the moon for fishing and winter sports. Hall filed his claim to the moon last March and has already sold 2,000 hundred-acre plots.

H-Dust falling, like manna out of Space—
The Grand Vizier of Yankistan has turned away his face;
His shibboleth is Kismet, his fate is in the stars,
And cold in Calvin's city is the Czar of all the Czars.
The sword of Damocles is old, but mightier than the pen,
The atoms of Democritus are now the scourge of men,
The prospect of a silken peace is dead in its cocoon—
But Harry of Miami, Fla., is selling up the Moon.

Cold wars brewing, with hot war scares
(Harry of Miami, Fla., has sold 2,000 shares)
Dim drums throbbing in the jungles of revolt:
The sullen slaves of yesterday rise for the last assault;
And dead is all the Kiplingdom of coolie, wog and coon—
But Harry of Miami plants his flag upon the Moon.

In evening isles fantastical, on bleak Siberian plain,
The evil clouds have gathered and Death is in the rain;
But out of Florida alone, tiny and unafraid
The last Conquistador rides forth upon the last Crusade.
With supersonic galley and uranium doubloon
He hoists the Looney Roger on the Empire of the Moon.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Anticipating Murder

THE psychopathic murderer is popularly referred to as a "monster" or a "fiend." We cling to a belief in his extraordinary but *self-controllable* "wickedness," for that is the only way we can explain him and still condemn him to death with a show of legality and an easy conscience.

Yet, as a matter of hard fact, capital punishment does have some practical point to it in his case. There is no certainty that the aggressiveness in a psychopathic murderer would necessarily "burn out" during a life sentence (twenty years at the outside and probably much less). For this reason we cannot safely abolish the death penalty until we are assured of an alternative and equally effective method of dealing with him. Such an alternative has yet to be found; nor is it likely to be, so long as we shrink from a clinical approach to the problem.

At present, the law and, ironically, the diagnostic standards of forensic psychiatry (or at least of that part of it which wields the power) stand squarely in the way of this approach. However, in the United States, where by and large the same barriers exist, there is a growing tendency to circumvent them. A remarkable instance of this occurred some five years ago in Maryland, when a young delinquent named Dolfi Salinger pleaded "not guilty by reason of insanity" to a number of charges of armed robbery. Dolfi was twenty at the time. He came of a cultured German-Jewish family, and he had lived the first seven years of his life in Germany, where his father was director of a large Berlin brewery and in affluent circumstances. In 1937, however, the Salinger family had been forced to flee the country. They had come to America and settled down in Baltimore.

Though they were very poor, this had not prevented Dolfi's two sisters from doing well. The elder one, Ruth, after graduating from college, had become a teacher; the younger one, Rose, was attending college now. Nor could Dolfi's history of delinquency be attributed to environment. From the age of two, when he was still a rich man's son, he had exhibited symptoms of abnormality: tantrums, wanton destructiveness, extreme cruelty to animals, total inability to get along with other children and so forth.

Dolfi was three months out of a state reformatory, to which he had been sentenced in 1947 for purse-snatching, when he was arrested on the armed robbery charges. During two of those three months he had been earning the considerable sum of $75.00 a week as a salesman; he was by no means without ability and by no means without personal charm. Characteristically, however, he had abandoned this job to become a pimp at a brothel, where he had previously made a first, unsuccessful attempt at heterosexual experience. Equally characteristically, he went on to relieve the brothel-keeper of a virtual arsenal of firearms. He then recruited two of his street companions, and embarked on a series of "stick-up" jobs.

One of the first people to see Dolfi in jail was Morton Abrahams, an officer of the Jewish Big Brothers' League, who ever since 1947—before Dolfi was sentenced to the reformatory and after he was released from a training school—had been making valiant-hearted, though largely abortive, efforts to help the boy. The Jewish Big Brothers' League is an organisation of volunteers and engages in various forms of social work. Though it may sound from its name like a formidable

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relic of Victorian "do-goodism," it is, if Mr. Abrahams is at all representative of it, extremely progressive in its outlook. "Personally," Abrahams told Dolfi, "I think you're crazy."

This was a hint that Abrahams hoped Dolfi would take. Abrahams was representing a group of Baltimore citizens who, for public-spirited and scientific reasons, were interested in Dolfi's case. A leading member of this group was Dr. Robert M. Lindner, psychologist, psycho-analyst and author of a number of well-known books on penal problems, who specialises in the treatment of psychopaths. Lindner considered Dolfi's one of the most serious and dangerous cases in his experience. So did Dr. Emmet Wilkinson, a psychiatrist who had examined Dolfi when the latter was transferred for a period from the reformatory to the Spring Grove state hospital. Dolfi had all the classic symptoms of the aggressive, anti-social psychopath. "His only focal point was the gratification of his desires." Neither punishment nor reasoning had any lasting influence on him. He had no capacity for affection or remorse. Though he might try to conceal a crime for a while, he was just as likely to brag about it. He was chronically suspicious of his fellows and, in or out of confinement, was always in possession of a lethal weapon; it might be a revolver, a blackjack or just a brick. He had a fantasy of becoming a master-criminal: a fantasy which, of course, he had already tried to translate into reality. He had grossly sadistic sexual fantasies.

Lindner and Wilkinson—they were latterly reinforced by another psychiatrist, Dr. Edward F. Kerman, who examined Dolfi at the jail—held the view that a psychopath of Dolfi's type wears only "the mask of sanity"; that though he may not be psychotic in the ordinarily accepted sense of suffering from visual or auditory hallucinations, his condition is equivalent to a psychosis. They were convinced that without proper treatment and care Dolfi would inevitably deteriorate. On the other hand, they declined to accept the dismal and hopeless opinion that psychopathy is necessarily incurable. On the contrary, they believed that prolonged and intensive psychotherapy might prove remedial in Dolfi's case, and that as a human being he was entitled to this chance. In his own interest, therefore, as well as society's, they considered it essential that he should be committed to a hospital rather than sent to prison for a determinate term.

The defence was prepared in the spirit of a crusade. Abrahams raised the money to meet the trial costs from private sources. Joseph Rosenthal, one of Baltimore's most experienced and skilled trial lawyers, accepted the brief at a nominal fee. The psychiatric witnesses made no charge for their services. The chief obstacle to be overcome was, of course, the legal definition of insanity, still bedevilled in Maryland, as in most American states, by the English M'Naghten rules. Here, however, the circumstances were about as favourable as they could be. To begin with, Rosenthal made certain that the case was heard by a sympathetic judge. Then in Maryland the jury are the arbiters of the *law* as well as the facts, which means that they are not bound by the judge's charge and can, in effect, re-write the law if they want to. Finally, and most importantly, the state psychiatrist called by the prosecution, Dr. Manfred Guttmacher, was no blimp intent on procuring a conviction, but an exceptionally able and fair-minded man.

Indeed, it is obvious, reading through Dr. Guttmacher's testimony, that he was, broadly speaking, in sympathy and agreement with the defence psychiatrists. The only essential point of dispute concerned the meaning of the word "know" under the M'Naghten rules. Dr. Guttmacher defined it in a purely cognitive sense. The defence psychiatrists argued—it was their way round the rules—that "knowing" is not exclusively a function of the intellect, but must be considered in terms of the total personality.

The defence had telling support from members of the Salinger family, who all testified that Dolfi was insane and incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong, and who could not be shaken under cross-examination. But perhaps the one piece of evidence that impressed the jury most—it was certainly the most dramatic—came from Lindner in reply to a question from the Court. "I personally considered Dolfi Salinger as the kind of individual who, if not treated and if not contained, is some day going to commit some very, very serious crimes. As a matter of fact, I think it can reasonably be predicted . . . that this boy is going to go on and murder somebody. . . ."

The jury took just over two hours to reach their verdict. It was "not guilty by reason of insanity." They had previously received an assurance from the judge that, according to Maryland law, a defendant committed to a state hospital could never be released except under court order. Dolfi himself was delighted at the result. He did not, of course, really believe that he was insane. But he was perfectly willing to pretend that he was; in fact, he did all that he could to "put on an act"—with very nearly fatal results to his own cause, as it happens. "When Mortie told me I was crazy," he said to this writer recently, "I just laughed. But afterwards I got to thinking that maybe it wasn't such a bad idea. I'd been at Spring Grove; compared to prison, it was like a country club. And I thought I'd break out after a few months."

Actually, he did break out twice during the early years of his confinement at Spring Grove hospital. Lately, however, there have been no such incidents. "I began to realise how sick I was," Dolfi once told me, "and that I'd have to change to get out. I realised that if I was free now, it'd be just a question of time before I was locked up again." A year ago he had shown sufficient improvement to be transferred from the criminal to the civil division of the hospital. At present, he is permitted to spend every other weekend at home, to have "dates" with girls and to visit his friends Abrahams and Lindner, who have not lost their interest in his case.

Dolfi Salinger may still be far from cured. But at least he is not a prisoner thirsting to realise his criminal fancies; he is an undischarged patient who has gained some insight into himself and his problems. "A human tiger" the *Daily Mail* called the psychopathic murderer the other day, in urging that capital punishment be retained especially for his benefit. There is certainly no surer way of rearing "human tigers" than by locking up people of Dolfi's kind in cages. If Dolfi had been sent to prison, the people of Maryland might sooner or later have had to ask for his death. Thanks to the courage, the compassion and the enlightened faith of a few men among their number, they are protected from that eventuality. And Dolfi Salinger himself has hope of one day being able to enter upon the lawful enjoyment of life, which is his heritage.

GILES PLAYFAIR

Fleet Street Notebook

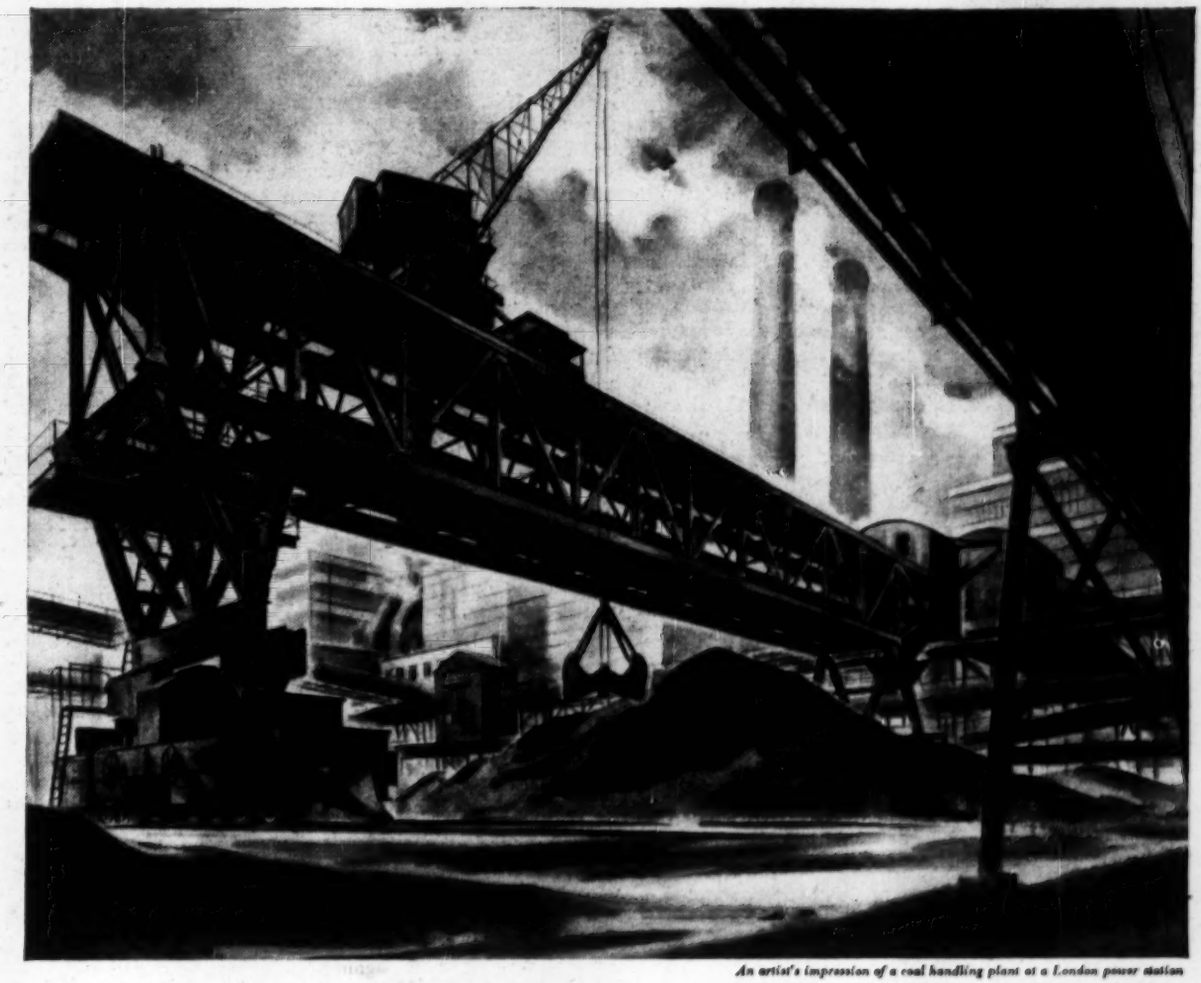
CONFERENCES of the Commonwealth Press Union are in the nature of things apt to bring together a somewhat odd and incompatible selection of such among the eminent in journalism as have nothing to keep them tied to their offices. As a consequence they have a habit of passing ponderous and well meaning resolutions to which everyone agrees because they mean very little. But this year's conference in Australia, which had its final session in Hobart last week, has got its teeth into something important by inviting publishers and editors, not only in the Commonwealth but outside it, to join in a regular exchange of information on actual and threatened encroachments of press freedom in their territories. To judge by information I myself receive from journalists abroad, such encroachments have lately been growing alarmingly in some territories, including some British colonies. They are not less alarming because in many instances the pressures employed against those who feel themselves isolated from outside support are subtle and indirect. If the Commonwealth Press Union can examine all charges of this kind, and give wide publicity to those that are proved, it will be doing something of great practical importance at the present time.

Meanwhile the vice-president of the Institute of Journalists—a conservative-minded body representing on the whole the right wing of the profession and not much given to sounding clarion calls—has warned the Printers' Pension Corporation at their anniversary festival of what he called "a deliberate and persistent campaign to deride as old fashioned and meaningless in modern conditions the long-established liberty of the press". Journalists are thin-skinned creatures. If they find themselves receiving a tenth of the criticism they daily hand out to politicians, public entertainers, television producers and other contenders for public favour, they are apt to scream to high heaven that the freedom of the press is being attacked. Such dark warnings were regular form in some quarters when Labour was in power. It is interesting to find them starting up again and I doubt whether they are based on anything very real yet, but I must say that the number of responsible newspaper men who have drawn my attention to Mr. Roberts' remarks to the printers during the last few days, and assured me that there is a lot in them, is impressive.

Perhaps it is only an interesting coincidence that *The Times*, whose links with Buckingham Palace, Lambeth Palace and 10, Downing Street, have lately been getting much closer—almost as close as in Geoffrey Dawson's day—after being almost purely formal so far as Downing Street at any rate was concerned during the Labour and Churchill Governments (and not very intimate in relation to the other two), has chosen this time to advance a new philosophy of press freedom more acceptable to authority than the present rough and tumble in Fleet Street. I may be wrong in seeing in a leading article in *The Times Literary Supplement*, published just as Mr. Roberts was giving his warning, the same hand as wrote *The Times'* leader on Princess Margaret and an earlier one on the sins of the popular press, "Second Chance". I shall be surprised if Sir William Haley was not somewhere about when it was written.

The leader in the *Lit-Sup* bases itself on Sir Alfred Denning's very sensible observations in *The Road to Justice* about the press invasion of privacy—though Sir Alfred tempers his comments by adding that the public has a legitimate interest in being told how their leading men and women live. Printing House Square now seems

G.E.C. AND THE CHANGING WORLD 4



An artist's impression of a coal handling plant at a London power station

Materials handling . . . an industry for industry

In many industries 50 tons of material must be lifted, moved, loaded and unloaded to produce a single ton of the finished product; and the cost involved can be between 15% and 85% of the total cost of production of an article.

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At the present time, materials handling installations are being erected by the G.E.C. in Great Britain, Spain, Yugoslavia, Italy and Australia. Nor is this surprising for within the G.E.C. lies an unequalled experience and understanding of the problems involved in the bulk handling of materials for industry.

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LEADERS IN INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

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anxious to persuade journalists that the old conception of the press as a "Fourth Estate" and of newspaper offices "as the natural temples of the spirit of radicalism" is out of date. Newspapers should cease to regard it as their job to criticise authority and "check complacency in the powers that be". They should adopt instead a "judicial role". A significantly selected example, it is interesting to note, was chosen to point the moral: "Only a profession sunk in primitive and obscurantist radicalism could possibly suppose that advocating the disestablishment of the Church of England was still a way of jolting the livers of the privileged and offering consolation to the humble and meek".

I doubt whether the higher executives of the *Mirror*, the *Express* and other popular papers always read the leaders in *The Times Literary Supplement* as closely as they perhaps should. But I hope their attention has been drawn to this one. They will certainly not need my advice to ignore it. The function of the popular press is not, and never has been what *The Times* now wants it to be, that of acting as a judge. For that it has no competence whatever. Its true function should be that of a minefield through which authority is forced to walk with circumspection in hourly fear lest some illiberal step brings an explosion. The better it does that, the better it serves the interests of its mass readership.

Note from the battlefront: I underestimated *Express* and the *Mail* last week. By the time my notes appeared £10,000 prizes were already old news. A brisk auction with the *Mail* proudly announcing its readiness to out-top any rival by £1,000 has now brought the *Mail* jackpot to £26,000. The *Express* has stopped at £25,000 adding a "wonderful mystery prize" on top of it to save face. I think the *News Chronicle* has spent its money more wisely. A fair number of the *Daily Dispatch* readers are reported to be sticking and the northern edition of the combined paper has so far been excellently done with a nice balance of features from both. It is pleasant to see Bouverie Street setting the pace for once.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

'Midst Pleasures and Palaces

AT last I am smoothed and dressed and up. The hotel staff were shining the stairs when I went to bed and, to my astonishment, they are still at it when I come down. They remind me of poor Madame Gide who polished the broad stairs of her home daily, rubbing her despair into the grain. I descend the iceface clinging to the rail. The maids look up as I pass. Bonjour! they say at every landing. Bonjour, bonjour. Mary is already up and being watered round by the head-waiter with a Gargantuan can as she breakfasts on the pavement.

"Just think!" she says, we're at Vezelay again —I can't believe it! Didn't you love the frogs last night. Like a senate in the affirmative!"

We climb the street, touristy, unpretending, the remote peace of it all laving us. The buildings jostle for a footing on the cobbled steeps, palaces nudge patisseries and gates hold back arthritic wistarias tangled in traps of rusty iron lace. There is hot sunshine and bleak shadow and all the time the incessant clamour of a bell. Pink lozenges distinguish some of the houses; Romain Rolland lived here . . . *La maison de Theodore de Beze*. Some windows are open and we see big scrubbed tables and looped onions and tall shelves rioting with kitchen trivia. The pale, stale, Chardin essence of it all filters out into the road. We climb and climb. Dead lilac rattles on stucco walls. We smell byres and the acrid, milk-sweet presence of cows so that the golden cupolas and intricate quoins seem no more than the lavish finials of a super farmyard. The air is full of birds, larks and swallows and pigeons that fall showily like della Robbia mobiles. In the distance, the belfry grows more urgent; its noise absorbs the sky and uses up all our thoughts. It is the voice of the great Romanesque church which dominates Vezelay, the crowning basilica.

It is near now. The shops are full of saints. Little tin pagodas glitter with postcard topography.

"Do you think old Mrs. Thomson would like the narthex?" asks Mary, twizzling them round.

We buy dozens, the pagodas roundabouting with their cargos of the picturesque, flashing the familiar street names past the wilting flowers under the legend on the wall: *Camille Desmoulins 19. Mort pour la Resistance . . . 1943.* At last we are there and passing under the high, recessed Judgment. Bishops soar over us in great pastoral crescents. Archangels stare down. The basilica gapes and we are drawn in through the giant doors, under the vast jewel of the narthex, into the Romanesque whole. Inside it is all wet gold and the driest, dustiest grey. All around us capitals flower into lovers, fret into demons or terminate sensibly with butchers, bakers and burgesses. We are slowed up by so much majesty and by the thin silver music ahead of us where an unseen monk plays a tentative introit. It is freezing, unbelievably cold. Mary trails a head-scarf inadequately and cherishes her bare arms. Four sturdy nuns pass us transeptally. They have huge pieces of knitting wrapped round their shoulders we observe enviously. We pass right through the bitter, sacred place from end to end, turning as we leave, to stare back. All is gold, cold and silent. The music has ended and only the sibilant visitors rustle where Saint Bernard preached the First Crusade.

Back at the hotel we eavesdrop on the most amazing talk. Modigliani is being discussed. "He was his own enemy," avers the old lady in her beautiful New England voice. "One just *couldn't* help him!" Leaning forward, she advises her friend. The rings wink on her hands. "They look best hung at regular intervals on yellow silk in a small room. . . ."

"Household hint," mutters Mary.

For lunch we drive down steeply to where the river lies like a trembling coil released over the meadows. It is the Cure. We have bread, butter, wine, Neufchatel in a creamy cushion, apples, a spirit-stove and much else. An *embarras de provisions*.

"The last time we were here," recalls Mary, "there were noonday nightingales. So persistent. Unwelcome, rather—like *Lieder* at breakfast!"

There are flies and river things and we beat about us, pretending not to care. In front of us, in the river, there is a millstone tipped elliptically and the water pours up through its worn shaft in a green jet. Over our heads the discontented birds marshal for Africa. The sun grows flagrant. We think of shuttered rooms, baths, the cicada-loud evening, the chilly frogs and of Vezelay high above us. We both stare up at the town.

"There is only today," we remind each other.

So we hurry back to climb once more the aimless Renaissance streets and lean again on the stone fountains. Youthful monks sprawl under the chestnut-trees. Dying leaves nestle in their habits. We walk and walk. We want it to be all as familiar to us as it was to Romain Rolland, to Beza, to the boy who was shot near the post-card shop. The slight wind blowing up from Auxerre smells of grapes. We return reluctantly and find the hotel teeming.

A coach has arrived—a monster. It fills up all the pavement in front of our window, its dense upholsteries even seem to absorb the loud frog chorus that has just begun. Inside the hotel, all is chaos, bewilderment combined with a cosy jollity. The men are facetious and the women bunch their hair and smooth their floral frocks. They have come from Ipswich, Axminster, Rye, Oldham, perhaps, to Vezelay. In a fortnight Berne will have known them, Rome received them. But at the moment it is Vezelay that counts. We can hardly restrain ourselves. A missionary zeal informs us. We long to proselytise, extol. We have been here a whole day, *we* are natives. We want to send them up to the great church and invite them to sit on the dizzy wall above the vineyards. It is a very light night and there can be no excuse.

"They have heaps of time," says Mary. "It's moonlight, too. Plenty of time to see it all. How glad they'll be to stretch their legs after all day in the coach!"

Our concern for the coach-party is abandoned suddenly for a fresh interest. The New England lady has come out to drink brandy on the pavement. She gathers us up in her much-travelled and experienced way and chooses the conversation. Soon we are deep in talk in the warm plum-bloom night, books, places, the do-you-know game (Do you know the Smiths? They had a place in Suffolk. . .). Didn't you know Modigliani? we want to ask. But her look forbids it. She has the flaking, nervous, apprehensive look of old, over-civilised people. We wonder at the merciless strength that still drags her round Europe.

It is nearly eleven when Mary interrupts. "The coach people!" she says.

The American pauses. The flow of her avid, correct information is checked. "The *coach*. . .?" she inquires.

"The people who came in it," explains Mary. "We did so want them to see Vezelay. They'll go away in the morning not knowing a thing about it and when they get home they will forget that they have ever been here. It's terrible. . . .!"

The American is genuinely surprised. What does it matter, her neat, grey head seems to say, if *everybody* doesn't see *everything*. Might it not be even a good thing? And are coach-parties to be more relevant to the scheme of things than her acute observations on Verlaine? It is obvious that she has mistaken her acquaintances. She rises stiffly and holds out her thin, brown fingers with their slipping rings. "Goodnight," she says. We watch her go in.

"See if you can find out what they are doing," says Mary, refusing to be contrite.

Nothing matters now, so I obey. The main sitting-room for hotel guests is at the side. It has three tall windows opening on to the garden. They are all closed, but the shutters are outside and I am able to peep in. A strange metamorphosis has overtaken the much-polished salon with its copied Louis Quinze and massive flower arrangements. A terrible sociability seeps past me like treacle. They are all sitting there. They have beer on little mats. They have got rid of the waiters and are relaxed. They chaff each other and lark and smile. A tall woman is being urged, not quite unwillingly, to the piano. A wistful longing silences them all as her fingers find the opening bars.

"*Midst pleasures and palaces . . .*" she sings gently—and really quite well.

RONALD BLYTHE

What exactly is a Tape Recorder?

Let's start by saying what it is not. A tape recorder is not a machine which ticks out Stock Market prices. It does not provide the ticker tape which is such a feature of the New York welcome to famous people. A tape recorder is a machine which records sounds; happy sounds, musical sounds, living sounds. And plays them back absolutely true to life.

IN fact, a tape recorder is something that can be either very useful, absolutely essential, or just downright good entertainment for practically every person you can think of. For the music lover it provides his favourite music perfectly and economically. The tape on which the music is recorded can be stored easily and is "unbreakable." All tape is "long-playing"—and it doesn't wear out. For the family man a tape recorder provides a family album in sound, from Baby's first word to young John's party piece. And speaking of parties—a tape recorder can join in anything; from "Consequences" to "Musical Chairs." It can give you music for dancing or even provide the accompaniment for "Knees up Mother Brown" (if you feel that way inclined). For the youngster at school—many schools have tape recorders—education is made more interesting; something in which he plays a part—a real part that helps him learn and remember more vividly. For the business man a tape recorder brings more efficiency. It helps him save time, helps him by recording important meetings verbatim, takes dictation, reduces routine trivialities. The truth is, that whatever your walk of life, a tape recorder is an asset; either socially, or in business, or at home. Possibly all three combined.

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GD 231

The Arts and Entertainment

Operatic Production

So bad it was, so mad it was, Covent Garden's *Tannhäuser* seemed like a throwback to the flighty adolescent days of the present regime. It was not, however, a whole-hearted reversion. Behind the new production two voices were perceptible, neither of them, let us hope, representing the mind of the new director. The first voice said: "*Tannhäuser* is a frowsty old piece, but we have to do it, so let us at least make it amusing. I met a chap the other day, name of Koltai, who told me he had been at the Nuremberg trials and had felt ever since that he simply *must* design a *Tannhäuser*. No, old boy, I've no idea what the connection was, and I was far too tactful to ask. But what I thought was this: here's the very man to make the audience sit up and forget that early Wagner is dull; the very man to make it all seem contemporary—real, if you see what I mean." The second voice said: "*Tannhäuser* is a frowsty old piece, and nothing on earth will disguise the fact, so let's do it in the straight traditional style. Producer? No need to look far afield. There are plenty of fellows around who know just how these things are always done: you know, processions, heralds, pilgrims, knights, ladies, *grands tableaux*: the whole works."

Both voices prevailed, and Mr. Ralph Koltai's fancy sets had to come to terms with Mr. Sumner Austin's stuffily ineffective production. The peculiar dualism extended right down to the personal appearance of the performers: for instance in the Venusberg, where conventional costumes were combined with pony-tail hair-do's. The Venusberg itself was a shabby, smoky, understaffed night club, from which it seemed only too natural that Tannhäuser should wish to escape. But when the lights went up, the poor fellow found himself in the very grimmest of spring landscapes. "A beautiful valley," say the stage directions; "blue sky, bright sunshine." "May is here!" sings the shepherd boy. "Rubbish!" said Mr. Koltai, his head presumably full of Nuremberg, and gave us just that—a wilderness of ruined telegraph poles. In Act 2 a top-heavy indigo-blue Marble Arch represented the Hall of Song. These *Tannhäuser* sets are much more than a total loss: they are an active hindrance to enjoyment, and if the opera continues in the repertory they will probably have to be scrapped within a year or two, just as the Dali *Salome* had to be scrapped and replaced.

But can *Tannhäuser* stay long in a modern repertory? Well, the old opera has a good, plain story to tell, of virtue versus vice as understood in the popular Sunday press, and enough good tunes—provided they are well enough sung—to tide it over the duller patches. Its power to hold us now depends mainly on the cast, and at Covent Garden the casting is unequal and in one respect eccentric. A modern tradition has grown up that Venus is a mezzo role, although the score calls her a soprano, and from the first the most famous exponents of the role have been sopranos. What is really wanted is a seductive version of the Brünnhilde or Isolde voice. The part, though comparatively short, contains some of the most luscious music in the score, and that sterling mezzo, Maria von Ilosvay, was able to make very little of it. Like her, Wilhelm Ernest had to wrestle with an unfamiliar English text and so perhaps did not do himself justice; until the Rome Narration, where, like most tenors, he warmed up, he sang most of the role in breathless phrases of two or three notes apiece. Jess Walters, always reliable, conveyed little of the warm humanity in Wolfram's music. Sylvia Fisher, who always sings from the heart, has not the silvery, youthful radiance needed in her early scenes, but she made much of the big climax in which she pleads for Tannhäuser's life. The greatest pleasures of an unrewarding evening came from Josephine Veasey's clear-toned shepherd boy and from the unusually refined choral and orchestral ensemble secured by Rudolf Kempe, whose notion of the Venusberg, however, was too sedate for a taste formed on the headier interpretations of Toscanini, Stokowski and Beecham.

A few days later the Spanish soprano, Mme Pilar Lorengar, made her début at Covent Garden in *La Traviata*. She starts with the advantage—in this role, a considerable one—of being extremely young, pretty and graceful to watch; moreover, she has a voice with a bright gleam on it, a voice capable of some agility and even of power. Why then did she fall so far short of realising the possibilities of the great role? Largely because she lacked pathos: her radiant appearance, her whole charming manner, suggested not the uneasy, febrile Violetta, desperately clutching at real happiness, but Manon at the peak of her success. Sometimes she surprised and delighted us by rounding out some phrase with its proper weight and contour; but for most of the evening she was content to skim prettily across the surface of the music like a butterfly, without variation of colour, without humanity, without heart. She needs a tyrannical maestro who will bully her until she sings *all* the notes (*e.g.*, in the flourish on "gioir," just before "Sempre libera") and make her sob herself into a grasp of poor Violetta's predicament; for she has the capacity to be good. Richard Lewis was a wonderfully clear-spoken Alfredo, and Walters a firm Germont *père*, both have decided merits, yet neither seems to my ear truly Verdian in quality. John Pritchard's handling of the score was brisk, unloving and sometimes untidy.

The production, originally Tyrone Guthrie's and now in effect anonymous, desperately needs reconsideration, especially in the two party scenes. Nothing could be more absurd than the treatment of the episode of the drinking song in the first act, with a row of footmen shimmying off in rhythm, Violetta jumping on and off a sofa and the guests swaying and waltzing around the stage, operetta-wise, just because the catchy music is in triple time: atrocious manners, surely, during a toast to the beauty of one's hostess. And how odd it then seems, when the song is over and music is heard to strike up off stage, that the chorus should exclaim, in effect: "Aha! Music! Now let's dance!" A friend of mine once saw a notice in a village hall: "No Swinging off the Feet, by Order of the Vicar." I should like to hang a placard in the Covent Garden wings: "No Swaying in time to the Music, by Order of the Management." As usual, Verdi made his intentions quite clear; as he did also when he directed the prelude to the last act to be played with the curtain raised; here again a beautiful effect, that of the whole audience watching beside Violetta's sickbed, is wantonly thrown away by a producer who thinks he knows better.

I strongly recommend the Sadler's Wells revival of *Così fan tutte*, which is both musically and dramatically convincing, and a wonderful argument in favour of opera in English, so well do the singers enunciate the Rev. Marmaduke Browne's racy translation of Da Ponte. Jennifer Vyvyan and Anna Pollak are the melodious and feather-headed sisters, Rowland Jones and Denis Dowling their lovers; Marion Studholme as Despina is funny, without being excessively arch; Owen Brannigan makes an effective Don Alfonso, and would be still better if he were a little drier in manner. Edric Cundell's conducting, like John Donaldson's production, was natural, easy and remarkably free from "period" flourishes and frills.

* * *

Arthur Honegger's death at the age of 63 makes the first gap in the ranks of "Les Six"—a term which had anyhow long lost what significance it formerly had. Swiss by origin and German by musical training and sympathy, Honegger soon showed that a Gallic clarity and elegance represented only a small part of his robust and ambitious temperament. His name became increasingly associated with occasional music and mixed forms of all sorts, more especially the semi-dramatic oratorio with incorporated speech, of which *King David* is the first and best, and *Joan of Arc at the Stake* a more widely popular but less distinguished specimen. His early songs and some of his purely instrumental music, such as the *Concerto da Camera* and the Second Symphony for strings and trumpet may prove the most lasting part of his large and miscellaneous output.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Round and About

LAST week an exhibition of paintings opened in the Community Centre of the New Town of Crawley. It was in the next room to the hall where the parish council met to discuss further plans for the rent strike. The most important works were four panels of *The Seasons* which a local doctor had commissioned the young artist Dennis Lowson to paint for his waiting room. The room was crowded, over £80 worth of work was bought, and after the council meeting had finished the tenants came in to discuss extremely keenly the faults and merits of each picture. A bricklayer didn't like the horses in the beach scene of *Summer*—because they should have been donkeys. I also thought they were inappropriate because they were too romantic, too elegant, for the Impressionist realism of the rest of the painting. Our reasons were differently formulated: our feeling was the same. Not since I was in Moscow have I witnessed a scene comparable to this "private view": a scene where the equality of art with other daily activities was fully established and where equality of opinion was taken for granted. In Moscow such an atmosphere is the result of thirty-eight years of Socialism; in Crawley in one room it was the result of a common struggle, a single doctor's generous initiative and a painter's sincerity.

I am not suggesting that one event like this can solve the formidable problems of the painter's role in modern society. But I do suggest that such an occasion—and many councils and every trade union in the country has similar opportunities open to it—that such an occasion releases a spirit robust enough to inspire us to tackle these problems. As for the paintings themselves they were happy, and somewhat similar to Pissarro in both spirit and subject: light closely studied not only as an optical phenomenon but also a vehicle for expressing pleasure and affection. None of them succeeded completely; Lowson needs more drawing, smaller brushes, no knife, and to make copies from Poussin, Watteau, Renoir. I am certain however, on the evidence of passages in each of his paintings, that, whether he takes this dogmatic advice or not, his career will be exceptional.

A new gallery charging less than 33 per cent. commission, dealing only with young British artists, open to ideas, and centrally situated—The Prospect Gallery, 13, Duke St., St. James's. The chances of at least a dozen good but unfashionable painters now getting the exhibitions they deserve, have, I hope, slightly increased. The present opening show is a mixed one of reasonable standard, including works by Middleditch, Bruce Lacey, Greaves and Minton.

At the moment there are two small pictures in the dealers' collections which everybody who wants to learn from and about painting might well go and see: at the Lefevre a Géricault of prisoners tied up in a stable during the Greek War of Independence: at the Marlborough Galleries a Delacroix watercolour of an Arab sleeping (dead?) near his horse. Both are very moving. The Géricault is heroic—the morning light finds them calm; the Delacroix is deeply poetic—one sees the scene through the amber by which an incident is protected to become a legend: the process of painting it in colour was the process of time-

honouring it. Also, however, both pictures set the most useful "technical" examples. In the Géricault, for instance, there is the way in which he has applied his study of the nobility of classical draperies to living, warm figures; in the Delacroix there is true formalisation: the horse is "frozen" in a forward plunge, and yet so subtle is the arbitrary arrangement of the rest of the picture that the image seems as complete as a whole sequence in a film.

Karel Vogel, the excellent teacher of sculpture at Camberwell, is showing some of his own work at a mixed sculpture exhibition at the Ben Uri Gallery. His life-size study of a standing boy is a perfect example of how accurately searching a work can be without becoming academic—that is to say made up of preconceived bits and pieces like the works by Lyn Chadwick which the British Council are sending to the Venice Biennale.

Parents with children interested in art may like to make a note that at the National Gallery at 2.30 p.m. on Dec. 29, Jan. 2 and Jan. 5, there will be free illustrated lectures on Italian painting especially designed for the school holidays. Adults will be admitted only if accompanied by somebody under 17.

JOHN BERGER

Home and Away

EVEN for those least addicted to watching it in the flesh, sport still provides the purest and most enthralling television material. The contrast between the rigours of the arena and the cosiness of the home is more piquant than that felt by ringside spectators. Moreover, the contestants really have to forget that they are being televised: they are more genuinely unselfconscious than actors or interviewers or newscasters can ever be.

The Russians playing ice-hockey at Harringay and the Irish and English amateur boxers fighting in Dublin were both excellent examples on successive nights, and both on the B.B.C.—though ITV, rather surprisingly, scooped what might have seemed a B.B.C. "natural," TV's first visit to the Long Room at Lord's; and provided on Tuesday some robust fights between London and Berlin amateur boxers, most of them born well after Hitler's accession to power.

It is difficult to tear one's eyes from the screen during a fast match, race, or bout: a moment's inattention, to light a cigarette or get a drink—and a sudden roar from the crowd brings one hurrying back, to find that one has missed a goal, a fall, or a knock-out. A telephone-call from a friend is an even more unwarrantable intrusion than usual; one begins to sympathise with those electors whose anti-social curtness dismayed so many canvassers at the last General Election. ("Come back after the Archers, please," was the doorstep response in many constituencies—and TV is even more compelling than *The Archers*).

The Hogarthian (or Joycean) glimpse of the boxing stadium in Dublin was made even more vivid by the Celtic susurrus of the crowd; this rose to an almost continuous howl during a contest which was, as the commentator remarked, "really savage." Against this general background of confused sound, more intimate noises stood out clearly—the referee's bark, a journalist's typewriter, the smack of glove on flesh, the grunt that greets the body-blow, the springy pounding of feet and the squeak of rubber shoes, loud, intense breathing, a repeated sniffing from one boxer. "There's blood coming from Burke's nose," explained the commentator. "But Hope's walked into quite a lot of trouble, too. . . . Hope's head just crashed up against Burke's nose there."

Does this seem sadistic? It was hardly more so than the ITV programme for which it made me slightly late—Mr. Frank Owen's *Personal Call* on Sir Bernard and Lady Docker at their Hampshire home. For, to titillate the viewers, both men stripped and swam a length of Sir Bernard's new indoor swimming-pool (which the host gazed at wistfully as he held forth on the iniquitously deterrent effect of high taxation).

This was a curious rather than a pretty

Driving force

It seems an odd machine to be connected with papermaking, this gigantic pile-driver looming ponderously above a river. But it is a symbol not only of the physical development but also of the wide-ranging activities of the Bowater Organisation. For, at Bowaters' Thames Mills, a deep-water dock is under construction. At all states of the tide it will take the ocean-going ships that bring cargoes of wood-pulp from the Bowater mills in Canada, Tennessee and Scandinavia—and carry away paper to ports all over the world. Soon there will be more ships; and as the number grows, so Bowaters are developing their road transport . . . building new workshops, maintenance depots and garages. Yet these transport developments are only a part of a world-wide expansion programme which has six new paper-making machines at its heart. Around them new factories, power stations, offices and laboratories are being built. A new chapter is being written in the industrial history of this century.

Bowaters

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spectacle. Mr. Owen won the race; but was almost too puffed after doing so to continue the interview and to thank Lady Docker for the toy pink elephant and the glass of pink champagne which she now gave him. However, Lady Docker chattered on without much prompting. "I want it absolutely perfect before we have a big party," she bubbled, with a wave at the *art-nouveau* bar by the pool. A journey was mooted—"if you can persuade my husband to leave his work for a little while." The son at Harrow was discussed in a way which must have made him wince if he and his friends were watching: should he leave school early to go into the business? "The headmaster thinks quite a lot of him and wants him to stay." Soon after this the conversation began to dry up, and Mr. Owen was looking anxious, or bored, several minutes before the end of the half-hour.

It seems to me an outrageous waste of talent that a distinguished Liberal journalist, with so vital a personality as Frank Owen's, should be devoting himself to this kind of thing. I gather indeed that, in the New Year, the emphasis of his programme may shift and he become the object of the interview rather than the interviewer. This is a move in the right direction; but it is still strange that the programme bosses should be afraid that the viewers would be bored if a man of Owen's quality were left alone with them for ten or twenty minutes. They seem to think that every minute must be broken up in restless exchanges. Yet they allow fictional story-tellers to do their stuff without interruption: Derick Williams recounts *Strange Experiences*—rivetingly—and there doesn't have to be a stooge to chip in with "And what happened then?"

There is no waste of talent, on the other hand, in Mr. Godfrey Winn's *As Others See Us* (ITV, every other Thursday, 7.30 p.m.). This is said to attract the highest percentage of viewers of all week-day commercial programmes—higher even than *Dragnet*. Mr. Winn has found in it his ideal confessional and pulpit. Radiant and assured, he moulds the lives of his clients, quite rightly advising daughters, for instance, to resist their mothers' "emotional blackmail" and proclaiming as dogmas his most arguable opinions: "The duty of every human being is first and foremost to himself" (a key-thought for the ideology of ITV). However, he can be modest, too. "I can't be right all the time," he says disarmingly; and "I am not omnipotent." (Did he mean "omniscient"?) It is not the sort of programme that I should care to see too often, or ever in company; but it is perfect of its kind.

Tuesday's *Special Enquiry* on religion in Britain was disappointing. Objectivity had been promised. "We don't assume, defend, or attack: this is a social investigation," said Mr. Robert Reid. But a good deal of propaganda crept in; and after a shot of Roman Catholic children reciting the Creed (one of the few really memorable pictures in the programme) the reporter said: "When a camera can take pictures like this, who dare say that religion in Britain is dead?"—not the sort of thing that an "objective" reporter ought to say.

There was nothing about the Church in rural areas, where cultural changes have been at least as drastic as in the towns; nothing about the Liturgical Movement, which has important social implications in several denominations; and a quite disproportionate emphasis on Scotland and on the work of Presbyterians and Roman Catholics. It is strange that a B.B.C. programme should leave viewers with the impression that the Church of England hardly exists.

TOM DRIBERG

The Young Charlie

"Chaplin Season," at the Charing Cross Road Cameo

"On Such a Night" and "Simon and Laura," at the Gaumont

I began the week, as I should have thought only a film critic could (but how wrong, looking round, I was!), seeing the young Charlie. Every Monday and Thursday morning at 10.30 a.m. the fresh batch arrives, to be greeted by a rapt audience. This time I barged into Charlie eloping, sat with him at the dentist's, in the bank, making pictures, and saw him round to the point where I had come in. These knockabouts are the genius not only of Charlie but of the early cinema. If he has transcended it, it produced him. In one he is seen without moustache, and even as a screen vamp; the monkey-faced waiter makes welcome reappearances; the bearded giant is there, and the worried dwarf; faces sprout hair, meals confuse manners; behinds never cease to invite kicking; loopy cops sprint after cracked cars; the Venusian appeal of Mildred Harris spreads itself on park seats and into woods; all is gadabout, streaky, wild and yet ordered in the first rapt contact between screen and audience. What sort of script did they have in those days? Who could script this Charlie *ad lib.*, whose wizardry is beyond ballet, whose japes hit the stomach and dazzle the eye? In joking he has changed little: then (1914-16) as now, he would consider the nude female statuette with a measuring eye, ice-cream would roam through the spacious trousers, other people's brandy—especially if they were prone—would be tossed off, the apologetic belch and the monkey scratch would be followed by a hitch back to spruceness. *In the Bank* even ventures the ultimate close-up and touch of pathos: much later Chaplin, indeed, will be found therein. Re-edited, by the way, these films are embellished by either sweet classical music and interspersed print, or a monologue by Messrs. Handley and Kavanagh, presumably in pre-Itma days; they aren't bad, but give me the Air on the G String and Charlie coming round a corner on a windy morning. The season at the Cameo ends on Saturday, but I hope it will be followed by further seasons. And may I appeal to the Master in person to allow us at last to see his *Sunnyside*?

All who enjoyed Asquith's *The Young Lovers*—or at least those two-thirds of it before it succumbed to melodrama—will be glad to know that in *On Such a Night* he again romantically visits a theatre. This time, instead of Tchaikovsky and Covent Garden, it is *Figaro* and Glyndebourne. The visit is the whole theme. Mozart's chords create a spell. An American (David Knight) is surprised at Victoria by the sight of fancy dress in the afternoon: much as the Misses Jourdain and Moberley were once on a trip to Versailles. He follows these apparitions; the two men in his carriage are of the speechless kind; he overhears something about "the new Countess," sees them all pile into two green buses at Lewes, and follows in a taxi. This is his initiation into one of the prides of English life and, incidentally, to opera. *Figaro* is being performed, and we dip into the performance, meet Mr. Christie, walk about the garden and watch the orchestra at croquet during the interval, and, in fact, wholeheartedly share our visitor's enchantment. The thing is a slight story or sketch, written by Paul Dehn and directed by Asquith, in which every detail—the splendid glimpse, for example, of Carl Ebert rehearsing—hangs on a sufficient thread. There is no documentary stodge. The feature in the same programme, *Simon and Laura*, is a quite lively comedy about English T.V., with Kay Kendall and Peter Finch, directed by Muriel Box.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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Correspondence

CHURCH AND STATE

SIR,—It is curious that so eminent a lawyer as Sir Henry Slessor should choose such grounds for his denial of the continuity of the Church of England with the medieval *Ecclesia Anglicana*. Would he also contend that there was a decisive breach of continuity, amounting to loss of essential identity, in the political, constitutional and legal spheres by the expulsion of James II and the succession of William III and Mary?

Moreover his selection of authorities is, to say the least, curious from the historian's standpoint. The late Professor Hamilton Thompson, for example, observed that throughout the religious changes of the Tudor monarchy, "the processes of ecclesiastical law had gone forward in the old way.... The ordinary jurisdiction of bishops remained as in the past. Officials and vicars-general still exercised their delegated authority. In the official records of English dioceses for this period traces of contemporary change are few and far between. Bishops were deprived of their sees, and burned for heresy, but the business of diocesan administration, founded upon centuries of long practice, was not interrupted for a single day." Similarly the corporate metamorphosis at Peterborough, by which the entire personnel of the monastic foundation became that of the cathedral chapter, suggests that the discontinuity alleged by Sir Henry Slessor was not felt by contemporaries of the change.

It is indeed true that the promise in the Great Charter *ut Ecclesia Anglicana libera sit* was not fulfilled so far as episcopal elections were concerned. Instead of freedom of capitular election there ensued the sharing of the nominations between king and pope. The author of the recent book, *The English Church in the Fourteenth Century*, Mr. Pantin, has observed that "in the course of the fourteenth century papal provision became the normal method of appointment to a bishopric; in the thirteenth century papal provisions to bishoprics had still been exceptional"; and has added the comment that "while papal provision became the general method formally, the king generally got the bishops he wanted." Thus the method of royal nomination was modified. But can it be seriously alleged that a breach of continuity was effected by the Tudor return to the Anglo-Saxon tradition, by which between 688 and 1050 there were consecrated 376 English bishops and in no single case is there any sign of a papal share either in appointment or consecration?

As for the oath taken by Metropolitans to the Pope, perhaps Sir Henry Slessor might consider afresh the history of the *pallium*, with which the oath became first associated in the pontificate of Gregory VII, before deciding that a return on the part of the English Church to the pre-Hildebrandine position is an evidence of breach of continuity.

Cambridge. NORMAN SYKES

ROGER CASEMENT

SIR,—I rejoice to see the publication of Mr. Bulmer Hobson's letter in your current issue. The famous diary, used by the British Government against Casement, was in fact handed over by Casement himself after the Putumayo revelations, amongst other material he collected there. Admiral Hall pretended that it was his own diary found on him when he came to be arrested (as if he would have carried so compromising a document when he landed near Tralee from a German submarine). It proved to be, however, the most lethal weapon the British could use and effectively silenced both Pope Benedict XV and President Wilson in their attempt to obtain a reprieve.

In my own autobiography, published a long time ago, I have referred to all this and to an even greater villain than Admiral Hall, namely Sir Basil Thomson, who was equally, if not more, responsible for bringing about Casement's execution. When arrested myself, I was sent for by the latter who began his interrogation with the remark, "You are sitting in the chair Casement has recently sat in and you know, of course, what is going to happen to him." Thomson was certainly the most unscrupulous rogue I have ever faced, and when Nemesis finally overtook him, many honourable British officials must have heaved a sigh of relief. Shortly after the scandal which brought about his disgrace, I chanced to see this unsavoury man in Paris. We were both waiting for the lift in a hotel in which he was staying and where I was to visit a friend. As the lift was an old-fashioned French one, our ascension was both dignified and slow. I made full use of the opportunity Fate had given me to say what I had wanted to say to Sir Basil Thomson for a long time and I cherish the faint hope that he did not easily forget our meeting on this occasion.

111 Old Church Street, S.W.3. GERALD HAMILTON

SIR,—Mr. Bulmer Hobson's evidence about Casement is impressive, though I am aware of not less impressive evidence which contradicts him. What any of us can judge for himself, however, is the value of Dr. Maloney's book, described by Mr. Hobson as "brilliant." In my opinion it was utterly unconvincing and tore nothing to ribbons except Dr. Maloney's own reputation.

About Casement's morals I express no view. As for the alleged diary, I deplore the use that Admiral Hall made of it. There is not, however, a scrap of proof that the British Government "forged" it or presented it as Casement's, knowing it to be someone else's. Mr. Hobson's assertions on this point are reckless. FRANK MACDERMOT

1 Rue de Franqueville, Paris. XVIe.

CHRIST AND HISTORY

SIR,—Mr. Kingsley Martin thinks "the Christian Churches mistaken in harnessing their faith to historical suppositions." But the Christian faith has no other foundation than historical events. If Mr. Martin reads The Acts of The Apostles he will see this. The first Christians do not say "We tell you of a speaker of original sayings," nor even "Believe in one who was uniquely conceived by a virgin." They proclaim Jesus of Nazareth, crucified, and vindicated by God as Messiah (Christ) *by the rising from the dead*—"whereof we are witnesses." This word "witness" keeps recurring through the opening chapters. This claim and the highbrow reaction to it are brightly lit in chapter 25. Paul is in prison. The new Governor, Sir Porcius Festus, is puzzled about him—like a British Governor trying to understand the religious notions of The Natives. Sir Porcius brings his puzzle to a native prince thus (v. 19): "It's about some fellow called Jesus, who is dead, but this chap Paul will have it he's alive." The entire New Testament—Gospels, Epistles, Acts, Revelation, stands or falls by the Resurrection as a fact in history—and so does the Christian Church.

Next: What does Mr. Martin mean by alleging "the persistent tradition that Christ himself was an Essene?" Various modern writers making this guess are answered thus by competent authorities: 1. *Encyclopædia Biblica*, ii, 1400 (Jülicher). "Jesus ... little concerned as he was about ceremonial observances, the Sabbath and the like, who ate and drank with sinners, may have been quite as well a Pharisee as an Essene." 2. *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, v. 400 (J. Moffatt). "It is no longer necessary to prove that Jesus was not an Essene, and that early Christianity was not. 3. Gore's *New Commentary*, Apocrypha, p. 7 (Edwyn Bevan). "The idea has occasionally been put forward that Jesus or John the Baptist came from amongst the Essenes, but that idea today is left to cranks and writers of fiction."

I can find no other verdict of any authority accessible to me. Will Mr. Martin say where he finds his "persistent tradition" with any claim to weight?

Lastly: when does Mr. Martin date the Septuagint, that he calls the Dead Sea Scrolls "far earlier than the Septuagint?" T. B. SCRUTTON

6 The Green, Woodford Green, Essex.

[I am grateful to Canon Scrutton for making it clear that his faith in Christianity depends on the

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accuracy of certain ancient documents. He confirms my statement that there is a persistent tradition that Christ was an Essene, but holds that it carries little weight. He may well be right. As to the date of the Septuagint, the competent authorities I have consulted tell me that, with the possible exception of two tiny fragments of papyrus which might be pre-Christian, no known MS of any part of the Septuagint survives from any date before the second century A.D. If Canon Scrutton differs, he must pursue his difference with biblical scholars. The fact that there should be such arguments about the sources of Christianity merely emphasises my point that faith cannot be safely founded on erudition and archaeology.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

VIRGIN BIRTHS

SIR,—The article of Dr. Helen Spurway in your issue of November 19 is very interesting if rather hard to follow in places. May I draw to your notice and that of Dr. Spurway the reports published in American scientific journals in 1953 and 1954 on the occurrence of parthenogenesis among turkeys and fowls.

The papers are by M. W. Olsen and S. J. Marsden, and appeared in *Proceedings of the Society of Experimental Biology and Medicine,* 1953, vol. 82, pp. 638-641; *Poultry Science,* 1954, vol. 33, p. 1075 (proceedings note); *Science,* 1954, vol. 120, pp. 545-546; and *Journal of Experimental Zoology,* 1954, vol. 126, pp. 337-347.

From a large number of eggs laid by unmated females, which had in some cases been separated from their male hatch-mates at the early age of six weeks, varying proportions from 1.5 up to 22.4 per cent., when incubated, showed embryonic development to some extent but few beyond the stage of development of blood islands. A few were identifiable as embryos at the ninth day of development. In four of the embryos whose sex could be ascertained all were males. This latter observation is interesting since, in contrast to mammals, the female of the avian species is heterogenetic.

Since cytological studies established that the "parthenogenetic" embryos had the diploid number of chromosomes, I had assumed, since no error had occurred, that these birds were partially self fertile hermaphrodites; but so far no histological evidence of the presence of accessory male gonad tissue in these females has been published.

W. M. ALLCROFT

Breydon, Blackdown Avenue,
Pyrford, Surrey.

SIR,—May I compliment Dr. Helen Spurway and University College on their stock of the guppy from virgin daughters of virgin mothers? But why her surprise that Gautama was a man, that he was fertile and that his wife bore him a son?

The defect that caused Gautama to develop as a male is far less amazing than the history of some western Popes, whose spiritual associations, defying all biological niceties—and grafting—enabled them, without sacrificing virginity, to produce a host of delightful nephews.

JOSEPH FLEMING

Oaklea, Great North Road,
Welwyn.

HILAIRE BELLOC

SIR,—Re-reading Mr. Barron's torrent of vituperation I am amazed that he dares to call Mr. Raymond "adolescent", when this is precisely the quality which stamps his own prejudiced effusion.

"He (Belloc) so 'loved' the poor that he wanted to keep them with their noses biting the dirt," sneers Mr. Barron. What a metaphor! What a travesty of the truth! "Belloc was by no means wealthy himself," observes Mr. Poynter. What insipidity! Belloc's poverty gave him a love for the poor and hatred for the rich which coloured and even warped his attitude to life. The point is made unerringly by Mr. Raymond and perhaps it is not known to him that it originated in Belloc's youth. He was a schoolboy at The Oratory, then in its palmy days, and had the intense humiliation of parting from his schoolfriends on the railway station platform when Lord James Hope and the rest of them travelled "first," while Belloc invariably went "third." This, combined with his mother's constant exhortations to "keep in with the Norfolks," did much to embitter him.

Poverty dogged Belloc throughout his life. His own college, to its everlasting shame, failed to elect him to a fellowship and as a result he was denied the leisure which is the pre-requisite of careful scholarship. It is surely extraordinary that the college he immortalised in his poetry and the country whose language he chose as the vehicle of his genius should have withheld from him any mark of recognition. The only public honour accorded to him in his lifetime was conferred by the Oxford Union where Duff Cooper unveiled his portrait in 1950. I well remember his words: "Many of us may think that he has received shamefully little reward from the country he loved when we see honours heaped on meaner powers and lesser wits. But I believe that he will be more pleased as he sits in the peace of his Sussex home at the honour done to him today than by any handful of silver the state had given him or ribbon to stick in his coat." Duff Cooper went on to recite from memory that most moving of his poems, "The Ballad of Illegal Ornaments." Surely no other poem in our language combines irony with such deep feeling, and how right Mr. Raymond is when he says that Belloc will be remembered as an ironist.

NORMAN ST. JOHN-STEVAS

126 Harley Street,
London, W.1.

MENTAL HEALTH

SIR,—I would like to welcome your article on the "Challenge of Mental Health," especially for its insistence on the need for the development of research into the mental aspects of psychiatric disorders.

In putting forward this demand, however, it should be remembered that a new development has recently taken place in this field. This is the appearance of the academically trained psychologist, applying the precise methods of experimental science to the investigation and treatment of mental disorder.

In Great Britain this development is shown by the increasing number of appointments of psychologists in the Health Service and the establishment of a Chair in Psychology at the Institute of Psychiatry in London.

The needs of psychiatry will not be completely met by concentrating only on the training of nurses and psychiatrists. What is needed with equal urgency is the recruitment and training of academically trained psychologists, who will apply the methods and generalisations derived from scientific psychology to the problems of treatment and disposal of psychiatric patients. Such psychologists could play an important part in the development of fundamental research into the psychological aspects of psychiatric disorder.

M. B. SHAPIRO

Maudsley Hospital, S.E.5.

THE GOLD COAST

SIR,—Our colonies have suffered much from being explored by individuals who return from short visits convinced that they are entitled to explain to their fellow countrymen the problems of the lands they have traversed and the solution to them.

So long as Mr. Fenner Brockway confined himself to this role in writing about the Gold Coast none could complain, since after all no one is compelled either to listen to or to read him.

It is quite another matter that he should make totally unfounded allegations against British business interests.

He stated in your issue of November 12 that "British capitalist circles associated with mining, gold and other enterprises" on the strength of "evidence which cannot yet be revealed," have been generous in their support of the N.L.M., and have "helped to provide the opposition with plentiful funds."

As chairman of the London Advisory Committee of the Gold Coast Chamber of Mines, which includes all the gold mining companies, the diamond companies and the aluminium companies which operate in the Gold Coast I wish to state that this allegation is completely untrue.

None of these companies takes any part in Gold Coast party politics, nor does the Chamber of Mines,

nor do any individuals represented on it. They do not contribute to the support of the National Liberation Movement, nor to any other party in the Gold Coast.

Mr. Brockway's statement savours of the type of propaganda which has been described as a smear campaign, which rightly evokes the author of it as an individual with dirty fingers. As he has made these allegations on the strength of "evidence which cannot yet be revealed," I shall expect from him an unconditional withdrawal, together with an expression of regret, in which, Sir, I hope you will join, as you published his article. To endeavour to create prejudice against important British interests which are making their contribution to the prosperity of the Commonwealth and Empire by hinting at the existence of evidence which the writer is not prepared to reveal, is to out-McCarthy McCarthy. Members of Parliament, who use their parliamentary privilege to make allegations against individuals in the House of Commons are rightly rebuked by their fellow members and are expected to withdraw or substantiate their statements. I am sure that the NEW STATESMAN would not condone a lower standard being applied to matter appearing in its columns.

164 St. Stephens House, S.W.1. E. L. SPEARS

[Mr. Brockway writes: "In view of General Spears' statement, I gladly withdraw any suggestion which could imply that the companies with which he is associated have supported or financed the N.L.M. I agree that one should not base an argument on sources which one is unable to reveal."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

DANCING CLUB

SIR,—It is the cherished right of any critic to say exactly what he thinks of any performer or programme, and that, in a country that believes in free speech, is exactly as it should be. Some artists may not like some critic's opinions, but they do appreciate that it is a legitimate expression of his or her feelings concerning their performance.

However, Mr. Driberg in his article "I've Only Got Four Eyes" has surely stepped beyond the bounds of legitimate criticism. To quote: "Immediately after this I had to switch back to ITV *in order to avoid* Television Dancing Club from the Carlton Rooms, Kilburn, featuring Victor Silvester and his orchestra, a confection utterly remote from real jazz." (We sincerely hope so.) Then, he adds some forty-five minutes later he went "back to the B.B.C. for 'What's My Line'—just in time to see Silvester fade into an emphatic caption 'The End.' This seemed unfair to the rest of the evening's entertainment, *but was an apt description* of the past forty-five minutes." One can only ask—as you avoided it, Mr. Driberg, how could you possibly know?

If Mr. Driberg had actually seen our programme, which by his own admission he did not, he would be entitled to "tear it to pieces." But as he was watching an ITV programme instead, I can only presume that he belongs to that rare group of critics who damn a performance that they have not even seen. To my way of thinking, this is the lowest form of wit, and it is perhaps fortunate for the entertainment profession as a whole that most journalistic critics do take the trouble actually to see what they either damn or praise.

97 Baker Street, W.1. VICTOR SILVESTER, JNR.

[Tom Driberg writes: "Mr. Silvester, Jnr., makes a valid debating point. I should have written that this caption *may* or *must have been*, not *was*, an apt description of a kind of music which I have heard on and off, preferably off, for all too many years."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE WHITE LADY OF BRANDBERG

SIR,—Some confusion, caused probably by my excessive correction of the proofs, has led to a mistake in my review of *The White Lady of the Brandberg*. Breuil believes the northern invaders to have reached South Africa not "about the time of Moses" but probably at some period "before 1500 B.C." As I make clear further on, it is the White Lady painting itself which he would make contemporary with Moses.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

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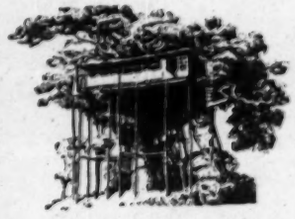

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Christmas Books—II

THE GREAT LITTLE DUKE

THE bicentenary of the Duc de Saint-Simon's death has been celebrated in Paris by a splendid exhibition at the Bibliothèque Nationale and by many learned essays in the literary papers. In the book shops two new studies by M. de la Varende and M. Bastide* (the last a particularly excellent little introduction) and, for bibliophiles, Pierre Gaxotte's *Scènes et Portraits*† are all available, and so are four volumes of the Pléiade edition, taking us up to the death of Louis XIV.

The English have not treated him so well. True, Mr. Desmond Flower's translation of a few passages is still in print. But Sir Harold Nicolson and Mr. W. H. Lewis, both of whom quote largely from him in their new books, *Good Behaviour* and *The Sunset of the Splendid Century*‡, seem to regard him respectively as a clever little bore and a gifted liar. He does not really please Englishmen. No Scott-Moncrieff has ever sat down to make an English classic of him. Our nineteenth-century historians and critics hardly mention him. Lord Macaulay does, indeed, speak of "those inestimable memoirs", but this is the very least he could say since some of his own most living passages are almost exactly translated from them. He wrote no essay on the Duke—unfortunately, as it would have been so funny. "It is indeed difficult to conceive how anything short of the rage of hunger should have induced men to bear the misery of being associates of the Great King": we can imagine the rolling, sarcastic sentences. Macaulay, like most of his fellow-countrymen, despised courtiers and had no great love for "the vain, the voluptuous but high-spirited French." In his *Lectures on Modern History*, Lord Acton only mentions the Duke as an *habitué* of La Trappe, not the most characteristic thing about him. Those who read the *Mémoires* in the highly inaccurate early editions must have been puzzled by some of the statements: "*Chamillart, adoré de ses ennemis [commis]*". Oh! the unstable French! Grave faults of transcription occurred in all the editions until Chéruel's appeared in 1858. But, in any case, no incomprehension is greater than that of Victorian England for Louisian France. The fatal barrier, between our two countries, of languages expressing such different methods of thought, was then reinforced by the gulf between the centuries. Nineteenth-century Englishmen, like modern Russians and Americans, thought that life should have a purpose and works of literature a message. Even Sir Harold Nicolson, who blossomed in the 1920s, jolliest of men, can never repress a note of stern disapproval when he mentions the French Court. "Lounging courtiers, chattering rubbish," he says of Saint-Simon and his friends, "lolling in the foetid ante-rooms at Versailles."

In fact, the courtiers at Versailles had but little time for lounging and lolling; their lives were carefully ordered by the King so that they must ever be dashing from one part of the Palace to another, to attend the various functions. True, Saint-Simon, "*un peu disgracié, pas trop disgracié, juste assez pour être historien*" (Taine), had no job, and only remained at Versailles because his wife had one. But he was not a lounger. It was scribble, scribble, scribble all day, in a mousehole of a room without windows. Over 3,000 large exercise books were removed from his house in the rue de Grenelle after his death. They contained his observations on such subjects as "*l'Ambassade d'Espagne*," filling 62 exercise books, "*Le Mariage de Monsieur avec Mlle de Montpensier*," filling 14; memoranda, letters to important people and so on. His *Mémoires*, which have never been printed in full, cover 2,700 folio pages in his tight little hand, with no stops, chapters or divisions of any sort. Like a journalist, he had a passion for hot news, unlike a journalist he reported it and then put it away. "He who would write the story of his times," he said, "truthfully, and with no respect for persons, should never show it to anybody. He should leave it to ripen under lock and key."

That his subject was the Court of France, at a time when the Court was France, has blinded some of his readers to the fact that he was by no means a typical courtier. He had inherited from his father a perfect incapacity to cringe, bow, stoop and kneel. Duke Claude was one of the old-fashioned nobles whose backs had not yet been broken by Louis XIV, stubborn and eccentric as an English lord. His son tells us that something having displeased him in the *Mémoires de La Rochefoucauld*, he went off to the book-shop and scribbled "the author has lied" in the margins of all the copies on sale. He had been Master of the Horse to Louis XIII, who gave him his title of Duc et Pair, and he did not appreciate the subsequent regime. He retired to Blaye, of which he was governor, and hardly appeared at the Court of Louis XIV. His hobby was genealogy, especially his own, and in the Saint-Simon exhibition there were documents which belonged to him, purporting to show that the family descended from Eude l'Insensé and other desirably royal figures. He died at the age of 87. Next day his young son of 18 came to pay his court at Versailles; as he approached the throne, Monsieur, the King's brother, said in a loud voice, "Here we have M. le Duc de Saint-Simon."

When a small child, Saint-Simon's favourite treats were royal funerals and requiem masses. He also dearly loved to interrogate venerable Dukes on questions of precedence and usage. He was perfectly conversant with the ways of the Court, but, his father's son, he could never keep quiet if shocked or displeased by something. He knew that the King must be treated "like a god, like a father, like a mistress," but he could not bring himself to do so. He would burst out, and the King was for ever telling him to hold his tongue. He was an agitator, with a purpose and a message. He wished to be the chronicler of his age and confided his ambition to M. de Rancé during a retreat at La Trappe. Encouraged by the approval of the great and holy man he dedicated his life to this purpose. As for his message, which can be summarised as Up the Dukes and Down the Bastards, nothing has ever been so misunderstood. It was often couched in the snobbish language of his time, so that he appears to have been concerned only with tiny details of precedence, but it was really the last kick of the French aristocracy, the last attempt to keep some power in the hands of the nobles and prevent them from turning into the elegant, unreal figures described by Proust. It was a misfortune for France that this message was only partially heard. Saint-Simon downed the Bastards, which was immaterial because their male posterity died out almost at once, but the Dukes had lost the desire to lead, except in battle. Urged on by him, the Regent tried to restore aristocratic government in France; the aristocrats would not play and the idea was abandoned for ever. Saint-Simon failed as a politician. But oh, how he succeeded as a writer!

He was lucky in having such interesting people to write about as the Bourbon family. Licentious or bigoted, noble or ignoble, there has seldom been a dull Bourbon. They were nearly all odd, original men of strong passions, unaccountable in their behaviour. What could have been odder and more noble than the steady refusal of Louis XVI to allow one drop of French blood to be shed, even at the risk of the lives of his own family? What odder and more ignoble than the cry of Louis XIII on the day that the adored Cinq-Mars was executed: "*Aha, dit-il, ce matin à la même heure notre cher ami a passé un mauvais moment.*" Bourbons steal the picture whenever they are in it. In any account of Marie-Antoinette, Louis XVI becomes the principal figure: Mme de Pompadour is eclipsed by her lover and Louis XIV casts a dazzling glare on the pages of all the writers of his day. He was the oddest member of this extraordinary family, one of the oddest men who ever lived, and he is the central character in Saint-Simon's great book.

After his death it becomes very much less interesting, though Saint-Simon himself, as a member of the Regency Council, was a more important person. The Duc du Maine might have seemed dull to us had it not been for Saint-Simon and his rages against the false, proud, cowardly, ambitious, devilish, club-footed Bastard. According to M. de La Varende, Saint-Simon has so blackened Maine that, although we live in an age when rehabilitations are the fashion, nobody has ever attempted to rehabilitate him. This was written before Mr. Lewis's half-hearted

* *M. le Duc de Saint-Simon et sa Comédie Humaine.* By JEAN DE LA VARENDE. *Hachette.* 22s. 6d. *Saint-Simon par Lui-Même.* By F. R. BASTIDE. *Editions du Seuil.* 7s.

† *Saint-Simon, Scènes et Portraits.* Chosen with a preface by PIERRE GAXOTTE. *Fayard.* 15s. 6d.

‡ *The Sunset of the Splendid Century: The Life and Times of Louis-Auguste de Bourbon, Duc du Maine.* By W. H. LEWIS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30s.

attempt to do so appeared: Mr. Lewis could have saved his breath to blow his porridge. It is no good telling us that we must not believe the little, naughty, obstinate Duke, we cannot help believing him. The people of his pages are created for us by him. Maine may have been a brave and competent soldier, a credit to his old father, but it is waste of time to say so. We will as soon believe that Mr. Micawber was a sound business man. Of course, Saint-Simon had his prejudices, but they were usually based on truth; his views seem to have been very just. Violent as were his feelings about the royal Bastards, he had nothing but praise for the charming Comte de Toulouse. He stood by the Duc d'Orléans when all France, most unfairly, believed him to be a poisoner. He was right to hate (while admiring) the King and Mme de Maintenon, who did so much harm to the French aristocracy and therefore to France, and right to love the Bourgognes while fully aware of their curious faults.

Saint-Simon's greatest popular successes, what might be called his anthology pieces, are all concerned with the royal family, and mostly with their deaths. In a way it is a pity that the *Mémoires* should lend themselves so easily to the selection of passages. These are often read while what Lytton Strachey calls "the enormous panorama, magnificent, palpitating, alive," is left unseen. The day-to-day chronicle is at least as important as the set pieces, which of course gain by being read in their proper context. The whole work, to be sure, is immensely long, but it has something for everybody. A Spanish Grandee of my acquaintance, not the most bookish man in the world, has often told me the joy with which he reads and re-reads the chapter on *les grands d'Espagne*. There are, throughout, more genealogical details than are quite fashionable nowadays. But nobody says the Bible is a bore because of the pages in which so-and-so begat so-and-so; in the *Mémoires* these details do at least concern people whose families we know or know of. Sir Harold Nicolson (who, I see, has got rather under my skin with his sly digs at my favourite) says that he would sooner have Prince Florizel than the Duc de Saint-Simon. It is rather an odd comparison to make, like that, out of the blue. Florizel seems to have been the sort of cheerful young fellow who grows on many a tree, and personally I would gladly trade this Prince for this Duke.

NANCY MITFORD

Godot, Molloy et Cie

Molloy. By SAMUEL BECKETT. Translated from the French by PATRICK BOWLES in collaboration with the Author. *The Olympia Press, Paris: Intereps.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Irish—and even Anglo-Irish—boys do not take kindly to cricket as a rule, but Samuel Beckett was captain of cricket at the Irish public school where Oscar Wilde learnt his first Greek. The urge to excel at the subtle game of the foreigner has led Beckett very far since then—to Paris, in fact, where the game may be roughly described as existentialism.

In assimilating French language and culture Beckett has not himself become assimilated—an extraordinary achievement for an Anglo-Irishman. The typical Anglo-Irish boy learns that he is not quite Irish almost before he can talk; later he learns that he is far from being English either. The pressure on him to become either wholly English (Beckett's cricketing phase) or wholly Irish (Synge's Aran Islands pilgrimages) may erase segments of his individuality for good and all. Yeats and Wilde were preoccupied with the idea of preserving one's individuality behind a mask, but realised the danger—and the fascination—of becoming what the mask pretends to be. Shaw, I sometimes think, became the prisoner of *his* mask, whiskers and all.

More typical, though—*experto crede*—is the Anglo-Irishman who becomes exactly what others want him to be: Burke, "who to Party gave up what was meant for Mankind"; Goldsmith, whose classically urbane English style belied the wildly romantic bog-trotter underneath; Charles Lever, who, like so many careerists after him, deliberately catered to the nineteenth-century English burgess's yearning for his own anti-self, the stage Irishman.

"Who am I?" is the question that every Anglo-Irishman has to answer, even if it takes him a life-time, as it did Yeats. In *Waiting for Godot* Beckett departed from the narrow logic of his development as a writer to ask the fashionable question "Where are we?"—to which the play's title no doubt gives the answer. In his five novels, however (two in English, three in French), he has explored, without any of the autobiographical reference supplied by Shaw, Yeats or Wilde, the nature of the self and the means by which a self is found, preserved, and annihilated. The protagonist of *Murphy* struggles to maintain his uniqueness against the parasitism of those who lack a self, while *Watt* is essentially a study of a man who may be said to have no self at all. *Malone meurt*, the second of the French novels, shows us a man clinging to his selfhood, almost involuntarily, in the face of death; *L'Innommable*, the third, a fantastic *tour de force*, is the interior monologue of one who refuses to be born or to admit that his self already exists.

The *Godot* fan who wishes to know more of Beckett may as well start with *Molloy*, the first of the French novels, though I'd prefer him to begin with the original English of *Murphy* if it were in print. He will recognize the Beckett world right away, for the protagonists of the novels, besides being congenitally ugly and unemployable, have usually grown old, crippled and weak in the sphincters as well. They masturbate, but without pleasure. Almost to a man, they wear bowler hats, with or without brims, which they often do not take off even to sleep. Their pockets contain pebbles, broken pipes, anything that has no cash value. Their memories are, mercifully, bad.

Molloy is divided into two first-person narratives—the first Molloy's, the second that of Jacques Moran, agent. Molloy, an elderly cripple, is writing his story in a room which he believes to have been his mother's though he does not know how he got there. Once a week a man brings him money and takes away what he has written. Most of his narrative—so rambling as better to deserve the name of interior monologue—tells of a journey in search of his mother, during which he grows progressively more crippled, until he is dragging himself along the ground through a forest, with the help of his crutches, at the rate of fifteen paces a day. Among the episodes preceding this final phase are a love passage and a fight so abject that only a Beckett could imagine them. At last Molloy makes his way out of the forest and hears a voice say, "Don't fret Molloy, we're coming." His narrative ends with the words "I longed to go back into the forest. Oh not a real longing. Molloy could stay, where he happened to be."

Moran's narrative adheres much more closely to chronological order. It begins with the Sunday when a messenger named Gaber brought Moran instructions from Youdi, their employer, to go and find Molloy. Moran was then a tyrannically orderly man, a widower who nagged his only son "for his own good," an excessively scrupulous and yet hypocritical Catholic. Moran never did find Molloy nor succeed in remembering what he was to do if he found him, but after reaching the Molloy country he was ordered by Youdi (via Gaber) to return home at once. By then his son had robbed him and run away, he himself had killed a man, and he had inexplicably become a cripple like Molloy. It took him months to get home, propping himself on his umbrella; in the meanwhile his house and all his possessions had gone to rack and ruin. But he feels happy and free as never before:

> I am clearing out. Perhaps I shall meet Molloy. My knee is no better. It is no worse either. I have crutches now. I shall go faster, all will go faster. They will be happy days. I shall learn. All there was to sell I have sold. But I had heavy debts. I have been a man long enough, I shall not put up with it any more, I shall not try any more.

In these two narratives we can study the problem of selfhood from an almost clinical viewpoint. But it is tempting to go farther—acting on a hint dropped by Thomas Hogan in a brilliant article (*Irish Writing*, No. 26, March, 1954)—and read them also as an allegory of the Ego and the Id. Molloy, like the Id, has no sense of time, no unified will, nothing but instinctual drives. "Contradictory impulses," in Freud's words, "exist side by side without neutralising each other or drawing apart . . . ." Moran, on the other hand, is hounded by the super-ego and chock-full of anxiety and guilt. Read this way, the book changes very little in total effect, for when Moran comes to identify himself more and more with Molloy and decides that he has been a man long enough, selfhood as we know it is being annihilated, even if we do not choose to describe the process in terms of the Ego's being reabsorbed by the Id. Every reader must decide for himself whether the last state of Moran is worse than the first.

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Mozartiana

A Mozart Pilgrimage. Edited by ROSEMARY HUGHES. *Novello: Allen & Unwin.* 30*s.*

The Libertine Librettist. By APRIL FITZLYON. *Calder.* 18*s.*

Mozart in Retrospect. By A. HYATT KING. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

It is curious how many of Mozart's circle were long-lived: his sister died in 1829, the Abbé Stadler in 1833, Thomas Attwood and Lorenzo da Ponte in 1838, his wife Constanze in 1842. Strangest of all, the soprano Teresa Saporiti, the original Donna Anna at Prague in 1787, survived until 1869, and could thus have dandled the infant Sibelius on one knee and the infant Ernest Newman on the other.

Though the fabulous Donna Anna seems to have escaped everyone's notice, most of the composer's intimates either wrote their memoirs or were pretty thoroughly tapped for reminiscences during the early years of the century, by which time Mozart had already become a classic. Much of this material was collected by Constanze's second husband, the Danish diplomat Georg von Nissen, for his untidy Life of Mozart, which was seen through the press by Constanze after he died in 1826. For many years both she and Mozart's sister had been living in Salzburg, but the two old ladies were not on good terms, and there was moreover a discrepancy in their circumstances: Constanze seems to have been left not too badly off by her State Councillor, but Nannerl, though the widow of a Baron von Berchtold zu Sonnenburg, was now in low water—bedridden, blind and half paralysed in a house almost opposite to that in which she and Mozart had been born.

In 1829 a group of English Mozartians, hearing of her plight, subscribed the modest sum of sixty

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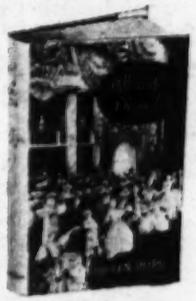

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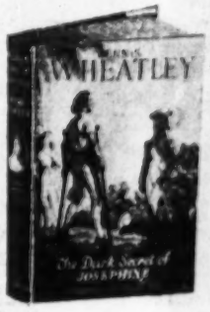

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pounds and charged Vincent Novello to present it to her in person. Novello was a well-known and popular figure in English musical life, the son of an Italian immigrant and father of the future prima donna, Clara Novello. A brief account of his mission to Salzburg and further journey to Vienna was given by another daughter, Mary Cowden Clarke, in her *Life and Labours of Vincent Novello* (1864); but it was not until 1945 that the rough diaries and jottings kept by Novello and his wife during the trip were found among family papers in Italy. These have now been transcribed by his great-grand-daughter, Signora Medici, and provided with a full and exemplary commentary by Rosemary Hughes.

It cannot be said that the diaries throw much new light on Mozart, or that the two Novellos, though clearly most likeable human beings, are natural writers or particularly keen observers. All the same, there is a fascination in following their approach to the Mozartian shrine. "Vin" is crazy about relics and personal mementoes of all sorts; his emotion on finding himself in the actual presence, first of Mozart's wife, and then of his sister, is so intense as to be infectious. Constanze, for her part, took greatly to the Novellos: "very attractive man and altogether charming wife," she wrote in her own diary after they had gone. Poor Nannerl, almost speechless, was distressed to find that the Novellos spoke no German ("*kann nichts Deutsch*," we hear her feebly murmur); but communication once established with the help of a neighbour and of Mozart's younger son, she kept the visitors' hands tightly locked in her own, and showed herself pathetically pleased and touched by the little present from England. It came only just in time: a few months later she was dead.

Throughout the book the musical opinions show Vincent as a regular Novello, with the pronounced taste for Sacred Music which he was to pass on to his daughter and to his publishing house. He was certain that Mozart, had he lived, would have written "still finer things such as Oratorios," and he is always lamenting the scanty opportunities of hearing "Masses and other music of the sterling class." A bit of a musical prig, you may think; but in fact, partly no doubt because he travelled in the height of summer and partly because the German countries were then passing through a Philistine phase (such as Schumann tilted against), the music that came his way was mainly of abysmal triviality: it is as though he were travelling through a perpetual Light Programme. His sound musicianship is revealed in his inquiries, while his wife shows rather greater curiosity about purely human traits: it is from her that we learn (on the authority of Nanette Streicher) that "Beethoven laughed like no one else it was a scream." Once again we hear of Mozart's hatred for fast tempi, and we find ourselves respecting Constanze's taste when she adds a comment of her own:

> Mozart particularly disliked the hurried manner in which some orchestras accompanied his operas, and Madame thinks they are now generally spoiled by their being played too fast and each sound cut too short, many of the wind instruments she declared were mere *puffs*, no effect whatever produced.

Constanze, we must remember, was not just the wife of a composer: she was a good enough singer to perform in public the very difficult soprano solos of the C minor Mass, and a good enough musician to have, in Mozart's phrase, "fallen absolutely in love with" the fugal compositions of Bach and Handel. She comes well, I should say, out of this sudden and unexpected close-up; but then I have always thought her an unjustly maligned woman.

Under a misleadingly vulgar title, Miss FitzLyon has produced a well-written and scholarly life of Lorenzo da Ponte, the librettist of Mozart's three great Italian operas. His own highly picaresque career contained the material for half-a-dozen more opera plots; and one result of reading this biography is to realise that the typical *opera buffa* of the period was a good deal closer to real life than we generally suppose. Of Jewish origin, Da Ponte was baptised in early youth and took minor orders, becoming perhaps the shadiest abbé in a century of shady abbés: his conduct in Venice was so outrageous that it led to a long sentence of exile. But he had great qualities: intellectual energy, a passion for literature, immense facility, a fine ear for verse, good looks, wit. Because he was also, as people say, "his own worst enemy," his life was a game of snakes-and-ladders in which the pattern of intrigue, success, disaster was constantly repeated. Quite apart from the untrustworthy and tiresomely egocentric and self-justificatory *Memoirs* which he wrote in extreme old age, we know a great deal about his life, because he was always on the move, knew everyone from the Emperor downwards, and corresponded widely, especially with Casanova, a bird of very similar feather. In 1805, now happily married, he emigrated to America, and after rather precarious beginnings established himself as a teacher of Italian in New York.

Like a good play, Da Ponte's career was beautifully rounded off when Italian opera was brought to New York for the first time by the Garcia family in 1825. In a great state of excitement the old man went to call on Garcia, and was received with open arms and with a delightfully tactful impromptu performance of Don Giovanni's drinking song, "Fin ch' han dal vino." Soon afterwards, Da Ponte's dearest wish came true, and *Don Giovanni* received its first American performance. Apotheosis!

Mr. Hyatt King presents a scholarly collection of essays, the longest of which traces Mozart's reputation from his lifetime to the present day; it is followed by several articles of musicological or bibliographical interest, and the remainder of the volume consists of closely reasoned and penetrating studies of various aesthetic aspects of Mozart's work—his counterpoint, his compositions for mechanical organ, his lost and fragmentary compositions, his attitude towards the clavier and the organ.

We think of Mozart as so great a pianist, and in particular as such a master of the piano concerto, that it is a shock to learn that he seems to have preferred the organ, for which he wrote nothing of importance. Mr. King has unearthed from a back number of *Die Musik* a document of extraordinary interest, strangely overlooked by all biographers, which gives a vivid and exact account of his improvising at an organ in Prague in 1787. This is a letter from Norbert Lehmann to Mozart's first biographer, Franz Niemetschek, found among the material collected by the latter for a projected second edition of his work. In improvising a four-part fugue, Mozart held a pedal B flat as the dominant of E flat, the key in which he evidently proposed to end. But

> he ran with both hands up to the two highest octaves of the keyboard, and there kept so many notes going with a plethora of ligatures and resolutions, that he played in B minor as if it were F sharp he was sustaining on the pedal.

Lehmann, obviously a first-rate musician, was hard at work jotting down the whole marvellous procedure in some sort of musical shorthand when he was maddeningly interrupted by one Father Lohelius—also clearly a sound musician, but unable to keep still and simply listen.

> He said: "Brother"—"What is it?"—"He's holding a B flat"—"Yes, he is"—"He wants to get into E flat"—"Certainly, he does"—"But now he's playing in B"—"Yes, I know"—"How can that sound right?"—"Well, it does!" . . . Through these many questions I lost the best and most artistic passages in which Mozart evinced his skill in composition.

Nevertheless, Mr. King tells us, the admirable Lehmann "managed to write down a large part of what Mozart played, and this fugue has been printed . . . in *Die Musik*." Why, I wonder, in a book so liberal with music quotations, has the Mozart-Lehmann fugue been omitted? It is my only complaint against a volume which aims mainly at the more experienced type of Mozartian enthusiast, and will be found by him irresistible.

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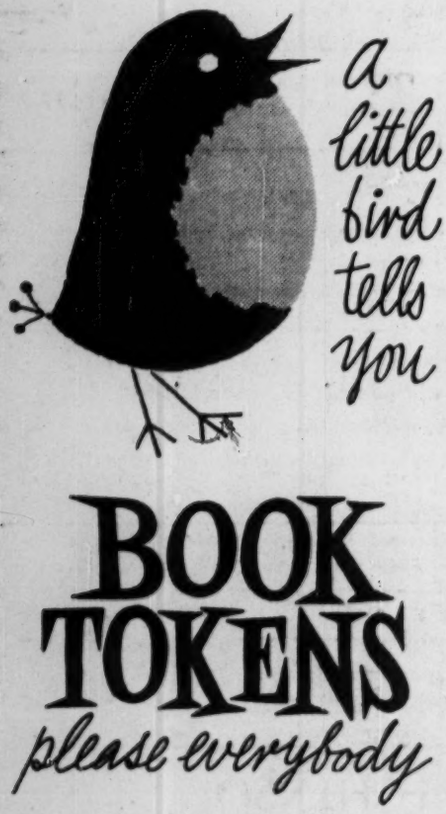

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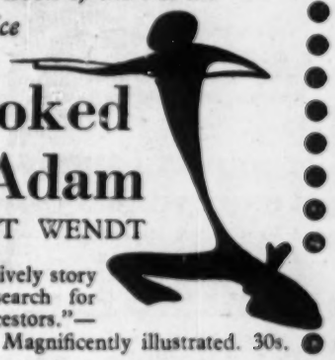

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images and a hard, unsentimental poetry which is the hall-mark of all those who have loved and served Arabia.

It is a great feat for a man to speak of his own, extraordinary adventures without embarassing himself, or brandishing that daggerous word "I" in his readers' faces; a feat Lord Belhaven has perfectly accomplished. Did his life as Political Officer, responsible in his own and the Arabs' eyes for making decisions and carrying them out himself, help him in this? "In Aden they imagined me . . . as seated in decorum, trying deftly to persuade the wicked to mend their ways. No-one could picture a Political Officer actually goading a crowd of Arabs to violence. . . ." But this happened at Jol Madram, a village of robbers where he was offered poisoned coffee; and he used equally unorthodox (but highly successful) means to bring the various tribes to heel.

Leonard Clark gives one little of this sense of internal proportion; as an Explorer he has, as it were, a running affair with adventure, not because he is in love with it, but because he is hungry. "All my life I had wanted to get into Tibet, not merely because it is remote and because entry into it is forbidden, but because it is the highest table-land on earth." In the heart of this table-land is Amne Machin, a mountain reputed to be higher than Everest, and the goal of Colonel Clark's expedition. *The Marching Wind* makes good reading, but it is rather like looking at the world through one eye only. Colonel Clark is obviously a man of great organising ability and the most wilful determination, yet one hardly blames those who suspect (as the foreword complains) that there is something fishy about him. Fishy is perhaps the wrong word, for the book I am sure is scrupulously honest; it is just that Colonel Clark is such a devourer of experience that in the end one has little to judge him by but himself. There is no doubt that events have a way of conspiring with people, and when the conspiracy is with such an extrovert as Colonel Clark, the events in question appear singularly intractable and larger than they have any right to be. Like Amne Machin itself.

Amne Machin was reached after a long, freezing journey through a country peopled by Living Buddhas, brigands, yak-rustlers and shamans; an exciting journey, but somewhat difficult to keep up with. Soldiers accompanying the expedition were ambushed and killed; there were raids and counter-raids, philosophical interludes, feasts, and an exchange of insults that nearly ended in disaster. Amne Machin itself, the God Mountain, was surrounded by savage, implacable Ngolok tribesmen who, strangely enough, did not attack the expedition. So the land was explored, and Amne Machin measured; but, because of inaccurate instruments, one cannot be certain if it is 500 feet higher than Everest, or 500 feet lower.

The Unknown is perhaps like a woman: but one need not marry it, like Lord Belhaven, or take it for a mistress, like Colonel Clark, in order to enjoy it. Peter Goullart treats it as if he were its father-in-law, for he is a Taoist; and though adventure may consummate itself around him he does not let it add to the sum of his mortality. *Forgotten Kingdom*, Mr. Goullart's account of his life in Likiang where he set up a number of co-operative societies for the Chinese Nationalists, is the most engaging and companionable of books, full of an imperturbable courtesy and affection for the people he writes about. Mr. Goullart wished to go to Likiang, not because entry to it was forbidden, but because it offered him the life he most wished to lead. The Nakhis, the inhabitants of the town, at first were suspicious; but partly by his own tact, and partly by the offices of three women who kept wine-shops, he got to know them. Nakhi men, though brave and courageous, are privileged beings and of little account in economic life; it is the women who do all the work, and no one thinks it odd to see a magistrate's wife carrying a sack of corn on her back one day and on the next attending a function dressed in exquisite robes and jewels. The women who kept the wine-shops were at the centre of things being brokers, bankers, post-masters, and confidantes. Through them Mr. Goullart met tribesmen from the surrounding country: the Attolays, among whom the women also do all the work—"what woman would like a tired husband at night?"; the completely matriarchal Liykhi, where every woman has several husbands and whose continual and shameless seductions shocked even the brazen Nakhi women; the primitive, inglorious Boas, and the Noble Lolos—fierce, aristocratic, a kind of Asiatic Spartans.

Mr. Goullart was wholly successful in setting up his co-operatives—he introduced the spinning-wheel, and in a few months the entire town was in a frenzy of wool-spinning—and has many wonderful things to tell, full of unobtrusive detail, such as the time the Queen of Lotien proposed to him, or how the Nakhis deal with poltergeists Unhappily, the Communists "liberated" Likiang and Mr. Goullart had to leave; one could have wished him a happier end to his full and hard-working life there.

The remaining three books are slight by any standards, and almost tasteless when compared with the previous three. *Land of the Moonflower* gives one a few interesting glimpses of Siam in between the author's preoccupation with night-clubs and polygamy; *The Burning Coast* tells of an armed schooner patrolling the Eritrean coast during the war, an account almost devoid of real incident; and finally comes the diary of a three months' journey on foot through *The Red Sea Mountains of Egypt*, in which there are disconnected accounts of Roman forts and quarries, birds, snakes and camels.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

Botany Ramble

The Englishman's Flora. By GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Phoenix House.* 95*s*.

This is a very big, very grand book: obviously no expense has been spared in its production—it is beautifully printed on a good laid paper, and handsomely bound in buckram, with a most pleasing and dignified wrapper. Its author, Mr. Geoffrey Grigson, is not only an enthusiastic field botanist but a learned and often entertaining writer; though lacking his erudition, I share his love of flowers, and I may as well confess that I was prejudiced in the book's favour. *The Englishman's Flora* promised to be *the* book about British wild flowers—"a mythology" (to quote the blurb), "a folk-lore, and a repository of magical ideas," a compendium of "superstitions and the folk-knowledge of the countryside," providing "most of what is to be found in the old herbals and a good deal more." I was disappointed; for the blurb describes what the book might have been, not, alas, what it is. In sober fact, it is little more than the scrapbook of a literary botanist: random jottings on a few hundred British plants, interspersed with quotations from the herbals and from other, less accessible works; informative, scholarly and sometimes witty, but very small beer, surely, at such an exorbitant price. Nor can the illustrations be said to justify the book's high cost, consisting as they do of woodcuts from the herbals, which are non-copyright, and must have been comparatively cheap to reproduce.

Let me say at once that I greatly enjoyed the book, both for its looks and for Mr. Grigson's text; but I think the publishers have done the author a disservice by presenting what is essentially a minor work in such a portentous format and at so prohibitive a price. Mr. Grigson himself, in his preface, confesses to "a certain 'jottedness'", and to a taste for "glittering but disparate items of information"; all well and good—Mr. Grigson is an adept at such compilations, and great fun they are, but a guinea is the most that the majority of us (even botanists) are prepared to pay for a book of this kind.

Turning to the text itself, I think that nobody with even the slightest interest in botany can fail to be agreeably entertained by it. Mr. Grigson has arranged his book systematically, in accordance with the accepted classification by natural orders and genera; plainly he could not hope to deal with more than a fraction of the plants included in the British flora, and his choice, though dictated (as it should be) by personal predilection, is, by and large, fairly representative. Apart from the quotations, much of the information was evidently acquired at first-hand from country people; and perhaps the most valuable contributions to plant-lore are the lists of local names, many of which Mr. Grigson has collected himself. Some of these will be quite unfamiliar to the average botanist, and have probably never been seen in print before: it is pleasant to know, for instance, that mesembryanthemum—naturalised at the Lizard—has been anglicised by the natives as "Sally-my-Handsome," and that fritillaries, in Somerset, are known as "Mournful Bells of Sodom" (why?); and what a pity that the Dorset name for yellow stonecrop is not more general—"Welcome - home - husband - though - never - so - drunk." Occasionally, in this matter of local nomenclature, Mr. Grigson slips up: the Kentish name for *Orchis mascula* is Skeatlegs, not Keek Legs; and it is *Mercurialis annua*, not *M. perennis*, that is locally known as "Kentish Balsam." Nor, I think, can *Orchis morio* be known as "Craw-tees" or "Beldairy" in Scotland, since it doesn't occur north of the Border.

A stickler for accuracy himself, Mr. Grigson has a short way with the more pretentious kind of pedant, as for instance Dr. Prior, who tried to derive Jack-of-the-Buttery (a local name for stonecrop) from "Bot-theriacque," a substance used for killing bot-fly; and I am glad that Mr. Grigson scouts the Barrie-ish theory that Foxglove should really be Folk's (*i.e.*, fairies') glove. I share, also, his prejudice in favour of the wild *Gladiolus illyricus* as against the "super-cinema magnificence" of the garden hybrids, which he compares to "a blend of a leading boy in a pantomime and a very late nude by Renoir"; and I agree with him in thinking Gerarde the best of the herbalists, despite his inaccuracy and his occasional downright dishonesty. Incidentally, Mr. Grigson makes the interesting suggestion that Shakespeare may have read Gerarde.

Unlike Gerarde, Mr. Grigson is generally accurate (though Crow Garlic, by the way, is not exclusively "a weed of the heavy clays"); he is also a better writer, and these "jottings" are both pointed and illuminating. Just occasionally he goes haywire, as when he describes Rosebay Willowherb, once a rare-ish plant, as becoming (after the blitz) "brilliant and sharp throughout the country"—a phrase which leaves me baffled. Yet more often his descriptions are apt and evocative, as in this note on *Iris foetidissima*:

> The pencilled lead-blue or lead-purple of the flowers is snakish or dragonish; the capsule opens, and the seeds are small blood oranges, set in rows, clean and formal in the brownness and the decay of November.

A word about the pictures: these are pleasant enough (though hardly, as I have said, justifying the price of the book); yet I cannot help feeling that Mr. Grigson has made a rather dull choice of plants. Why, in a book whose purpose (presumably) is as much aesthetic as scholarly, pick on such drab weeds as Mugwort, Greater Plantain and Good King Henry? Nor, even by sixteenth-century standards, are the woodcuts very good ones: some from Gerarde might with advantage have been included (the picture of the Foxglove—after Albrecht Meyer, 1542—is particularly poor); and the plate labelled "Green Hellebore" in fact represents the "Stinking" species, *Helleborus foetidus*.

I have greatly enjoyed the book, and shall continue to dip into it with pleasure for years to come; my quarrel is less with the contents than with the presentation. It is the obvious Christmas present for any botanist—provided his wife/mother/aunt is rich enough to afford it.

JOCELYN BROOKE

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COLLINS

Snap Judgments

The People of Moscow. By HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON. *Thames & Hudson.* 42*s*.

Russian Holiday. By ALLAN CHAPPELOW. *Harrap.* 18*s*.

Excursion to Russia. By JOYCE EGGINTON. *Hutchinson.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Mr. Chappelow is a post-graduate student in sociology and a nice, simple soul. Before coming to the Soviet Union he had imagined "every one going in fear and trembling and semi-starvation." This turned out to be quite a mistake. Towards the end of his visit he sets out his broad conclusions, numbered 1 to 6. They begin: (1) that there is much that is admirable in the U.S.S.R. (2) that the Russian people are genuinely warm-hearted and friendly. He checks these with the British diplomats on the spot, who say they are correct.

As soon as he arrives he starts to explore. "To the left, . . . Red Square, to the right, Gorky Street. We turned up Gorky Street for a few moments, then decided to make straight for Red Square first, and retraced our steps." After this false start he works hard, notebook in one hand, camera in the other, and amasses tens of thousands of facts. He also misses a great many other facts. At Lutsch collective farm outside Moscow he takes down all the statistics dictated by the manager, notes that "cocks crow Cock-a doodle-oooh as anywhere else in the world" and sums up "in general things seemed to be flourishing." Yet when I visited Lutsch three months ago there was no electricity laid on, the cowshed was dirty and fly-ridden and the pig-shed in a miserable state of disrepair. Mr. Chappelow says nothing of this. At Leningrad he saw no signs of war damage and no reconstruction work in progress; yet his bus must have driven right down Stalin Avenue, through the devasted suburb where the whole reconstruction effort of Leningrad is being concentrated. It is odd, too, that he can describe Leningrad without a mention of the state of extreme decay of the ordinary dwellings, and give a detailed account of the Hermitage and its contents without noting that many of the finest pictures are so hung as to be all but invisible. Nevertheless he does see and record an immense amount, and mistakes are not too common. On the way he has much fun with language and transliteration ("... citizens and citizenesses—as the women are termed") and never forgets the exclamation mark to point his jokes.

Mr. Chappelow and Miss Egginton both went on the same 26-member tour of Soviet Russia organised by the National Union of Students in the summer of 1954. They carefully ignore each other in their books, which are in competition. Mr. Chappelow almost seems to be trying to conceal the length of the visit, but Miss Egginton's publisher gives the show away: it was three weeks. They flew to Moscow, then to Stalingrad, took a steamer along the Don to Rostov, a train to Sochi, a plane to Moscow, then a train to Leningrad and back, and finally left Moscow by air.

Miss Egginton's book is an altogether suaver piece of work. She is an accomplished journalist and has the woman's angle taped. She didn't work nearly so hard as Mr. Chappelow and she has to pad, using flashback and feminine intuition. Her book adds almost nothing to his except a readable style. While Mr. Chappelow's mistakes tend to be in the Soviet Union's favour, Miss Egginton is less sympathetic. Her objections are complicated, chic little paradoxes which a mere man would not understand: "Russia is a sales girl keeping a queue waiting and it is an old woman saying her prayers: you cannot reconcile the two for they are irreconcilable." She does unearth one new fact: that Russian girls feel profoundly insulted when patted on the bottom by an English friend.

Careful detective work can be used to reveal hidden data about these two tourists and their comparative physical stamina. On the last day in Moscow there was a farewell party which lasted all night. In the morning after, says Mr. Chappelow, "Most of us felt exhilarated, not tired, and ate our last breakfast in Russia with gusto." Miss Egginton writes: "Down in the dining-room we had breakfast which nobody felt like eating." Clearly, Russia was a bit too much for Miss Egginton.

Mr. Chappelow and Miss Egginton both took a lot of photos, which appear in their books. Miss Egginton only had a box camera—but she seems to feel that this was an advantage. She did as well as could be expected, perhaps, but more might have been hoped of Mr. Chappelow, who had a more elaborate apparatus. Could they not have got together and persuaded a few less people—and objects—to stand in the shade and to turn their backs and to keep the other side of the middle distance?

Despite their errors and silly generalisations, books of this sort do contain an immense amount of useful information. And Cartier-Bresson's magnificent photographic reportage contains much less. But who cares? *The People of Moscow* is worth infinitely more than any tourist's journal, however conscientiously kept.

About one-tenth of the photographs in *The People of Moscow* have already appeared in this country, but miserably printed and badly selected, and no-one should be put off by what he has seen. The present collection is admirably produced. The photographs are everything that one has come to expect from Cartier-Bresson: simple, straightforward pictures, never flashy, always overflowing with visual interest, centred on people rather than things. This is still only the Moscow the tourist sees (there is nothing on the Russian home), but only a tourist who was also an artist could have captured in this way the crowded, clumsy muddle of Moscow's streets, the Boy Scout earnestness that pervades the public entertainment, the classically proletarian face of the Muscovite, queueing eternally for consumer goods and culture.

Again and again one is baffled to know how the photos were taken. This is certainly the most entertaining book on Russia that has ever appeared. Most remarkable of all, M. Cartier-Bresson found no fewer than four pretty girls in Moscow.

CHRISTOPHER SCOTT

Detection and Suspense

The Man with Two Wives. By PATRICK QUENTIN. *Gollancz.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Hickory Dickory Dock. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Dead Indeed. By M. R. HODGKIN. *Gollancz.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

A Corpse at Camp Two. By GLYN CARR. *Bles.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Rigging the Evidence. By CAROL CARNAC. *Collins.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Paton Street Case. By JOHN BINGHAM. *Gollancz.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Deadly Climate. By URSULA CURTISS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Tooth and the Nail. By BILL S. BALLINGER. *Max Reinhardt.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Maigret and the Burglar's Wife. By GEORGES SIMENON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 9*s*. 6*d*.

A Sense of Guilt. By GEORGES SIMENON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Detection, if it is to hold its place in the congested traffic of the modern world against the rival attractions of thrillers and space-travel, will have to liven up its engines and smarten its body-work. At present there are far too many old Model T's on the road whose licences ought to be taken away. This autumn the only vehicle on show which can be guaranteed to provide the reader with an effortless start, a smooth ride, a fast journey and a safe arrival at his destination comes from the firm of Patrick Quentin who won the Grand Prix a year ago in similar style with *Fatal Woman*. *The Man with Two*

Wives most certainly deserves a pat on the bonnet for this superlative performance. Nothing of the plot, however, can be divulged. The scene is New York, where the tycoons exercise a baneful influence on their entourage and the narrator gets into a proper pickle between his prig of a wife and his slut of an ex-wife. The characters are refreshingly adult and their dialogue highly sophisticated. The final solution of the murder proves to be extremely tricky although absolutely fair. No English reader can hope to score a home run: he will be lucky if he gets to third base. There is only one clue to go on; and that is tucked away so nonchalantly that the eye skips it. And even if you did notice it, our abysmal ignorance of American geography would brush its possible significance away.

It is rare to find Mrs. Christie in a back seat, but with *Hickory Dickory Dock* such relegation is inevitable. (Her recent visit in *Destination Unknown* to Shangri-La, outside detective territory, seems to have rattled her.) Poirot tracks a murderer down in a London lodging-house for students after much fatuous conversation and a little obvious deduction. The choice of European suspects is microscopic, and Mrs. Christie is far too NEW-STATESMAN-minded to attach guilt to a coloured student. For once, here is a Christie which any duffer can solve.

Dead Indeed is set in a New York publishing house, where an assassination takes place in the waiting-room. The description of the cosy office atmosphere of petty feuds and alliances in which children's books get printed is so intimate that the reader begins to feel he has wormed his way into the building to illustrate fairy stories for the tiny tots rather than to solve a crime. It seems a shame to break up the party, but Miss Hodgkin grits her teeth and dutifully parades a few suspects, none of whom carries an ounce of conviction; yet someone must be brought to book. So Evil and Good enter the picture; and when capital letters come in the wise reader had better creep sorrowfully away.

Mr. Glyn Carr specialises in mountain murders. *A Corpse at Camp Two* suggests the Himalaya and the abominable snow-man; and sure enough there are the abominable creature's paw-marks on the dust-cover! Readers prepared to undertake the climb should bring along anti-cliché equipment, ear-plugs to deaden the stilted dialogue, and pink goggles to soften the crude characterisation. Then, if they can stomach the company of a Hollywood film star on their way up Chomolu, they will be rewarded with a regular teaser at the top: why smother a man inside a sealed weather-proof tent, when there is a handy precipice to push him over barely three feet away?

Miss Carnac too favours dead bodies at high altitudes. *Rigging the Evidence* occurs among the fells of the North Riding where the wholesome life on a hill-farm is interrupted by an unsavoury intrusion from the past. The scenery deserves more attention than the plot. A quick glance round the pleasant company assembled will suffice to spot the source of mischief: and one can relax in the sunshine watching the sheep while Chief-Inspector Rivers goes puffing up and down for his evidence.

Of another Chief-Inspector in *The Paton Street Case* we learn with no surprise half-way through the book that "the case sickened him"; and we can heartily share his distaste. For what business has pathos in a detective story? The plot is valid and ingenious enough for straight narrative; but Mr. Bingham insists on a crooked, sentimental approach. We are meant to be *sorry* for every one concerned, with the result that Scotland Yard is littered with suffering humanity on whom Chief-Inspector Morgan expends his revolting fund of sympathy.

Miss Curtis strums on the same nerves that have so often been frayed by her compatriot, Mrs. Eberhart—the frightened girl waiting to be silenced by the unknown killer. In *The Deadly Climate* there are no fronds of Spanish moss to brush her face in the dark, as this is Massachusetts; but all the other accredited

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JONATHAN CAPE

horrors lie in wait, the dog who dies because he barked, the strangers who won't believe her and the police who don't lift a finger to save her. Miss Curtis has constructed a most plausible version of that familiar nightmare.

The suspense in *The Tooth and the Nail* derives from sheer bewilderment. How can a jury be persuaded to convict anyone of a murder that has never occurred? That is what Mr. Ballinger's hero determines to do; but it is not until a late stage in the trial, when the damning evidence is concluded, that the reader is introduced to the hero's identity. The ingenious sleight-of-hand in the book warrants a less traitorous dust-jacket. A publisher has again queered an author's pitch by giving the whole show away, in a blurb of arrant nonsense.

Of the two Simenons the Maigret should have a red light attached; for no one could anticipate such a commonplace and dreary investigation from the hand of the Master. On the other hand *A Sense of Guilt* restores our confidence in him as one of the greatest writers of our time. The volume consists of two studies in *Angst:* both are magnificent. In *Chez Krull* the tranquil existence of a German family long settled in France is torn to shreds, when a local crime sets a spark to race-hatred and brings a mob to their doors. This story is an early work, dating from 1938; written 12 years later *The Heart of the Matter* is even more impressive. This description of the splendour and misery of an old French actor—a sort of Raimu—when he knows he has not long to live combines brutal realism with extraordinary sympathy, as if Simenon himself had experienced the agonies of old age and death. The translation from the French is inadequate, but even in faulty English in my opinion the story is a masterpiece.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

The Road to Haworth

Passionate Search: A Life of Charlotte Brontë. By MARGARET CROMPTON. *Cassell.* 21s.

Few strips of land have been so thoroughly ploughed up as the garden of Haworth Parsonage, but for Miss Crompton it remains "attractive with shrubs, trees, and flower beds." "Suburban" is Miss Margaret Lane's word for it, and that is no unjust estimate of this book.

What splendid girls those Brontë sisters were! Emily a little queer perhaps, but she never shirked her duties; she girded her loins, and Anne followed in her footsteps. Poor Mr. Brontë was not really a selfish old man, not nearly so black as he has been painted. As for Branwell he put all his emotional eggs in one basket, and never had enough determination to seize the bull by the horns; he went from bad to worse. Charlotte herself had an imagination like blotting paper, and wrote one of the greatest love stories of all time. All the children were clever and, "one of their great interests was, of course, reading."

Miss Crompton rarely enters into criticism; her book is a narrative expanded with quotations, and biographies of this kind are unusual nowadays and often welcome. But if ever a subject demanded analytical treatment it is the lives of the Brontës. On the surface their lives are nothing; even that of Charlotte was a giddy equation between the outer and the secret worlds. "Too often I feel like one crossing an abyss on a narrow plank." The juvenile Chronicles of Angria, which preserve the origins of the Brontës' private world, were firmly dismissed by Mrs. Gaskell. Miss Crompton gives them a kind smile and remarks, "Charlotte supplied the love interest." Later, when confronted by essential problems, she exclaims, "These are difficult questions to answer." It would be ungenerous to resent Miss Crompton's tour of the overcrowded museum. She has scrawled nothing profane in the visitors' book, made no offensive suggestion, left no defacing mark (or indeed any mark) behind by which her visit might be remembered.

IRVING WARDLE

Round-up

Landscape Travelling

"The use of travelling is to regulate the imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are" (*Johnson*). Topographical books, for all their accuracy, contrive to perform this operation in reverse: it is the secret, for many non-specialist, non-travelling readers, of their charm. The *Regional Books* published by Hale, which cover in some detail "certain highly individual and remarkable areas of Britain," can give much pleasure to such addicts. Of the three new titles, *The South Hams* by Margaret Willy (Hale, 18s) deals with the least well-known part of Devon, "that wedge of land shaped in an inverted triangle which lies at the South-Western extremity of Devon between Dartmoor and the sea." Miss Willy is not a native but a nostalgic; nevertheless she writes well; her study is analytic as well as evocative. The author, Sydney Moorhouse, of *Holiday Lancashire* (Hale, 18s.) lives and works on the Lancashire coast. True, the subject of his conscientious, energetic book is, even to the armchair topographer, a specialised taste. However, the bombast and glitter of Blackpool, Southport and Morecambe dwindle as we journey back a century or so, and there are more tranquil areas in "that section of the north-western seaboard lying between Formby Point, near to the entrance of the Mersey estuary and Walney Island, on the north side of Morecambe Bay."

In spite of the lure of its title, *The Mountains of Ireland* (Batsford, 21s.) is not really for the lazy romantic reader doing some proxy wandering. The author, Dr. D. D. C. Pochin Mould, is "a climber, a geologist, and an authority on the ancient Celtic church in Ireland"; she has travelled over all the ground she describes; at the same time her book has a tough basis of history. Because of the defensive nature of Ireland's past, the mountains have been not only a place of hiding and retreat, but even of cultivation; to anyone ascending, they show (she points out) a cross-section of the country's history. The style is dry, but not impersonal; the pages are crammed with information. It is the first lone work on its subject. Two new books in the academic but fascinating series *The Making of the English Landscape* (Hodder & Stoughton, each 16s.) are *Gloucestershire* by H. P. R. Finberg and *Lancashire* by Roy Millward. The volumes in this group (writes their editor) "are concerned with the observables of England, and the secret history that lies behind them." They are handsome, closely written books, well illustrated by photographs.

N. L.

Off the Ground

The announcement from the White House in July that America planned to launch an artificial satellite as part of the programme for the International Geophysical Year (1957-58), was soon followed by a similar statement of Russia's intentions. With unexpected vigour the missiles of war are being transformed to a marvellous device which will circle the earth every 90 minutes at a height of 200 miles. In *Earth Satellite* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 15s.), Patrick Moore gives a straightforward account of the development of rockets, and of the method by which it is believed the satellite will be launched. If ever the journey to Mars becomes possible travellers will find life there, according to Earl Nelson (*There Is Life on Mars*—Werner Laurie, 12s.6d.). We are warned, though, it will probably be vegetative only.

Before satellites and space ships can reach their own environment they have to undergo the hazardous journey through the earth's atmosphere, through the fogs and rain familiar to earthly dwellers, through the jet streams which menace the high flyers, to the strange conditions in the

ionised regions 100 miles up. Most of Dr. J. Gordon Cook's *Our Astonishing Atmosphere* (Harrap, 10s. 6d.) deals with the familiar part of these regions in a popular manner. *Sun, Sea and Sky* (by Irving P. Krick and Roscoe Fleming, Gollancz, 16s.) does the same thing in a more comprehensive way and also gives a good deal of information about artificial rain making. Mr. Guy Murchie's *Song of the Sky* (Secker & Warburg, 21s.) is a remarkable treatment of the same material by a passionate lover of the air, who has obviously observed nature with a deep understanding in his thousands of miles of navigating aircraft.

In *The Sun and its Influence* (Routledge, 21s.) Dr. M. A. Ellison, one of the world's most distinguished solar physicists, gives an excellent survey of the sun and of solar terrestrial relationships—for example the relation between solar disturbances and the disruption of world radio communications. In earlier days Dr. Ellison was one of the amateur astronomers who have always done such invaluable work in Britain. *Observational Astronomy for Amateurs* (Faber, 50s.) by J. B. Sidgwick is a book which all amateur observers must possess and many professionals read profitably.

A. C. B. L.

Art

Everyone who saw the Gauguin exhibition and its catalogue will know how good Mr. Douglas Cooper is at annotating modern pictures. *Drawings and Watercolours by Vincent van Gogh* (Macmillan Company, 35s.) is an equally fine example of his style. His commentary manages to illuminate continuously the relation of each picture with the artist's life, with his work as a whole and with the art of his time. The reproductions in this series (whose other recent issue cannot be recommended so highly) are by far the best in their class: the enlightened taste of Holbein Verlag, from which it originates, sets competitors an example. The opposite type of art-publishing is that of Skira, who have added to their collection of Great Periods *The Fifteenth Century: from Van Eyck to Botticelli* (Zwemmer, 7gns.), a sumptuous anthology of the kind that leaves one with a stronger impression of forceful and brilliant book-production than of the heterogeneous art with which it deals. The Skira manner has rather influenced the New York Museum of Modern Art in its commemorative volume, *Masters of Modern Art* (Putnam, 5gns.), which is essentially an album of good colour plates. The Unesco series of enormous albums, demonstrating politico-artistic solidarity or something of the kind, has reached, inevitably, Yugoslavia and its *Mediæval Frescoes* (N.Y. Graphic Society, £5 10s.), not all of which are quite worthy of the occasion. But the best are beautiful enough to justify any book. Japanese art is having a peak season: some of the results of the fashion are sinister but Mr. Hillier's *Hokusai* (Phaidon, 42s.) is (apart from the binding) delightful, and improves in every way on his previous introductory volume. James Michener's *The Floating World* (Secker & Warburg, 63s.), is full of just the kind of information about Japanese prints that the ordinary reader wants. *Greek Sculptors at Work* (Phaidon, 25s.) is a translation (unfortunately a poor one) not of Carl Bluemel's original book, but of a slighter, more popular one published in 1942. It is none the less welcome, for it enriches one's view not only of sculpture but of the whole conception of artistic unity which originated in archaic Greece. The dependable Faber Gallery has covered *Memlinc, Bosch, Toulouse-Lautrec* and, in one of its very best issues, *Dufy* (Faber, 9s. 6d. each): the plates, which are more delicate than most recent reproductions of the painter, and the text by M. Courthion make this worth possessing. The oriental department of the Gallery, which combines serious scholarship with excellent illustrations of some of the most delicious works of man, has another success, *Garhwal Painting* (12s. 6d.).

L. G.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Granville Barker

THEATRE is the most transient of all the arts. Its roll is indeed written in water. Only the long memories of old men and the hurried scribblings of busy journalists give a sort of extended life to creations which may have embodied the life work of devoted artists; and legend keeps alive a few names of those whose passion and beauty so imposed themselves that they defy the laws of mortal gravity. At first it may seem odd to find among these not forgotten names one that doesn't belong to a smouldering Italianate actress or a lowering tragedian, but to a highbrow producer instead. But the name of Granville Barker lives as more than a legend. He is the ancestor of our present Shakespearean revival. His practice, kept alive in the Old Vic between the wars by producers like Mr. Harcourt Williams, was carried out into the majority theatre by Sir John Gielgud, and now informs to a lesser or greater degree our whole approach to the production of Shakespeare.

Granville Barker was lucky in his time. The path of the highbrow in the theatre is commonly thorny and stony. He practices his art, if at all, in leaky cellars and draughty halls, heated only by the enthusiasm of his few devoted followers and abandoned all too soon for lack of support. Granville Barker certainly had a share of such hardships, but it was a comparatively small share, for his star coincided with Bernard Shaw's, and Shaw treated him almost as a son. His mother had made her living as a reciter and bird mimic, and he was early apprenticed to the stage. He went the usual rounds of the time, touring with Ben Greet and later with Mrs. Patrick Campbell. He began writing plays early in collaboration with a friend, Berte Thomas, and their second play, *The Weather Hen*, made a distinct little hit, St. John Hankin devoting a whole page to it in *The Academy* and finding it (already the highbrow touch) "too clever for the London stage," but "wonderfully stimulating." For several years he would still have to make a living, exiguous enough, in the commercial theatre which he so despised, in parts for which he could feel only contempt. It is not difficult, for instance, to imagine the kind of thing required of him in the role of "the licentious Earl of Rochester" in a play in 1900 called *English Nell* by Anthony Hope and Edward Rose, with Marie Tempest as Nell Gwynne. But relief was round the corner.

The nineteen-hundreds, as Mr. C. B. Purdom reminds us in his very interesting biography of Granville Barker*, was a period of high excitement in the theatre and of high hopes for it. "What characterised the drama of the new century," he writes, "was, indeed, the new moral fervour with which those who were engaged in it were imbued." The theatre was to be a renovating cultural and moral force with Ibsen as its St. Paul, and Poel, Archer, Gilbert Murray and Shaw among the curious assortment of apostles. Barker had become a friend of these intellectuals; for this was an atmosphere exactly suited to his temperament. In a letter of this period Shaw writes:

> I truckle to Granville Barker in order to conciliate him when he is forty. He regards me as a vulgar old buffer who did my best in my day to play up for better things—his things for example. In revenge I call him "serious relief."

In the Stage Society Granville Barker found congenial company; his next play *The Marrying of Ann Leete* completely baffled the critics as novel plays tend to do. ("It must be difficult to write a play in four acts, four fairly long acts, the last in two scenes, and throughout them all to keep your audience blankly ignorant of the meaning of it," wrote A. B. Walkley in *The Times*.) But the play was admired by Shaw and Barker's promise as the coming all-round man of the theatre was widely recognised. He was ready to take advantage of the happy series of accidents which led to the Vedrenne-Barker seasons at the Court Theatre.

The story of this historic management is well enough known; Mr. Purdom fills in the outline with fascinating details derived, most of it, from contemporary letters, Shaw's, Gilbert Murray's, Barker's. The season lasted only three years but it had an influence out of proportion to its length and its "success." The nature of this importance has, I think, been somewhat misunderstood. The achievement of the Vedrenne-Barker season is commonly held to be twofold: first, its setting of a quite new standard in group acting and group production, striking a blow for "producer's theatre" from which the old actor-manager's theatre never quite recovered; and secondly, its discovery of new dramatists, and above all its launching on the public of Bernard Shaw. These were certainly remarkable achievements with far-reaching results.

But one important aspect of the Court season is too often forgotten, and Mr. Purdom does well to remind us of it, for in the years to come it may turn out to be the most important of all. The Court season was undertaken in the first place as a preliminary engagement in the campaign for a National Theatre. At the time of his first skirmishes Barker wrote: "The National Theatre will come, so we ought to be getting ready for it when it does come." So, in the minds of those who started it, no less important than the standard of acting and production which obtained at the Court was the idea of opposing to the destructive and unartistic "long run" the ideal of repertory. There is no need to rehearse the arguments in favour of the repertory system. It is now generally accepted that the "long run" is the prime enemy of the theatre as an art, although, in spite of that acceptance, little enough has been done to organise the necessary opposition to it; and forty years on from the Court we still—to our shame—have no permanent repertory theatre in London.

Considered simply as an experiment in repertory, the Court season (and the subsequent seasons at the Savoy and Duke of York's) taught a number of valuable lessons. Unpleasant lessons, but inescapable. Repertory, of the standard and on the scale suitable for a National Theatre, was, even in what we think of as the golden days before the Great War, an economic impossibility. Repertory requires a state subsidy. The Court season proved it, just because from two points of view it was financially in a peculiarly strong position. First, unlike many experimental ventures, it had (in Vedrenne) a business manager of outstanding capacity; and secondly, unlike most highbrow theatres, it had as its chief playwright an actual best-seller. Shaw financed the Court Theatre season in double kind. His plays were the backbone of it, and they were financially successful; and he also provided money in hard cash. Whether the repertory system could have survived its financial difficulties if the whole project had not been closed down by the Great War is open to some doubt, perhaps. But not to very much. A National Theatre has to be paid for no less than a National Gallery, and until we are prepared to pay for one, the theatre will not be accepted on an equal footing with the other arts.

The Great War cut short Barker's repertory experiments and postponed indefinitely the hopes of the National Theatre on which his heart was set. In that there was every cause for despondency, but hardly for the virtual abdication from an active, central part in the struggle. And abdication was the very curious next big step in Barker's life. He personally had come out of the whole venture immensely enlarged both in his standing as an artist and in reputation. His gifts and his opportunities had exactly matched. By 1914 he was one of the most highly regarded men in his profession. "People have come to regard you as a kind of God," John Masefield wrote to him in 1910. All who hoped still for a high future for the theatre after the war looked to him for leadership. But when the war ended, he was not there to lead.

Here Mr. Purdom's narrative becomes a little obscure. Necessarily, no doubt; for the motives which led to this abdication are obscure and tangled, and not all the data needed for a true estimate are available. The facts are simple enough. Barker had been married for many years to his leading lady, Lillah McCarthy. In 1914 he went to America to be responsible for a series of productions for the American Stage Society, and there he met Helen Huntington, a very rich woman, and both then and on subsequent visits a liaison between them developed. Subsequently, in 1918, they were married, after they had obtained a divorce from their respective partners.

The wealth which this marriage brought him enabled Barker to retire from active work in the theatre itself. His new wife had the strongest aversion from the stage and from all theatrical people, Shaw included. Mr. Purdom gives us the very minimum of information (or indeed of speculation) about her. In a few throwaway lines he indicates his dislike of her and implies that she was a vast snob (thus, Mr. Purdom writes: "He maintained his friendship with J. M. Barrie, for Helen was able to tolerate the dramatist: he was very distinguished"); and it remains uncertain from his account exactly how far Helen was responsible for his decision. But the fact was that Barker himself acquiesced, perhaps

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FABER

even rejoiced, in the opportunity, as a kind of liberation. Mr. Purdom is very helpful here:

> . . . his life was a continual effort to extricate himself from and to avoid involvements; his fear of commitments fostered the air of aloofness that more and more surrounded him. His extreme volubility and frequent obscurity had the same origin. "I prefer addressing minorities," he said as a young man, "one can make them hear better." He was happiest alone, and craved solitude, being most himself when with himself. . . . When Barker was young it was the thing to be a writer, while to be an actor was to belong to a despised profession. He never grew out of that state of mind.

So Barker achieved his ambition of becoming a writer, and I am sure Mr. Purdom is right in thinking this to be a great loss alike to the theatre and to Barker himself. He was far from unproductive: he wrote two new plays and worked over the old ones. He translated plays from the Spanish (notably the plays of the Quintero Brothers) in collaboration with his wife. He edited collections of essays, and lectured, and published lectures on the theatre and on Shakespearean production in particular. He succeeded in creating what was virtually a second character for himself, that of a Man of Letters. It may be Mr. Purdom's strong feeling of the waste in this effort that causes his portrait of the man at this period to come out as a not very agreeable one. Distant, aloof, with a distinct infection of his wife's snobbishness, he seems a different person from the eager, generous, excited personality of the Court Theatre days. Yet on the few occasions when he returned to the practising theatre—with Harcourt Williams at the Old Vic and with Gielgud for his *Lear* in 1940—the old fire was there; it burns brightly enough in the letters which he wrote to them at the time.

It is by his *Prefaces to Shakespeare* written after the Great War that Barker is best remembered at the moment, and our present idiom of Shakespearean production owes everything to them. Mr. Purdom is, and rightly I think, very critical of them. He smells the must of the study in them, and increasingly so. In particular he finds that Barker more and more took over, almost unconsciously, A. C. Bradley's line of approach, as if Shakespeare were a Victorian novelist to be sorted out psychologically and schematically rather than a poetic dramatist; yet it cannot be denied that these prefaces have been seminal in the modern theatre's approach to Shakespeare. The great loss which the theatre suffered through Barker's defection was the set-back to the campaign for a National Theatre. Not that his interest in it faded; it remained one of his absorptions. But the push from outside carries far less weight than the drive from within. If with the enormous reputation he had acquired and the respect he commanded, he had, between the wars, been fighting for the National Theatre from inside, it might have been achieved; instead, we must admit, it is moribund. To revive the spirit of that fight and to achieve the theatre Barker dreamed of, is the most important next step for all who love the theatre; and those who hold his memory dear could do nothing more certain to honour it than to pick up his work on the National Theatre now.

T. C. WORSLEY

Poetry for Supper

"Listen, now, verse should be as natural
As the small tuber that feeds on muck
And grows slowly from obtuse soil
To the white flower of immortal beauty."

"Natural, hell! What was it Chaucer
Said once about the long toil
That goes like blood to the poem's making?
Leave it to nature and the verse sprawls,
Limp as bindweed, if it break at all
Life's iron crust. Man, you must sweat
And rhyme your guts taut, if you'ld build
Your verse a ladder."

"You speak as though
No sunlight ever surprised the mind
Groping on its cloudy path."

"Sunlight's a thing that needs a window
Before it enter a dark room.
Windows don't happen."

So two old poets,
Hunched at their beer in the low haze
Of an inn parlour, while the talk ran
Noisily by them, glib with prose.

R. S. THOMAS

The New South

The Strange Career of Jim Crow. By C. VANN WOODWARD. *Oxford.* 15*s.*

The year was 1912, and the speaker was the Negro educationalist, Booker T. Washington. "We are trying," he said, "to instil into the Negro mind that if education does not make the Negro humble, simple and of service to the community, then it will not be encouraged." The South was having an orgy of white supremacy; it was reading the novels of Thomas Dixon, the panegyrist of the Ku Klux Klan; it was disfranchising Negroes by tens of thousands; it was carrying segregation to the point of setting up white and Negro red light districts; and Negroes learnt their place in the solid South. Yet this was 1912, not 1877. And many English readers of Professor Woodward's book—one of the most clear and important commentaries on the South that has been published in this country—will learn for the first time that white supremacy was imposed at the turn of the century and not when Reconstruction came to an end. The segregated South has not been an immutable feature of American politics. It was deliberately created fifty years ago, and now, as Mr. Woodward shows, it is coming to an end.

Here, simply set out, are the facts. Segregation could not exist in a slave society; it was not permitted to exist while the Union forces occupied the South and the carpet-baggers controlled the state governments; and, as the telling quotations from both Negro and southern writers show, even Redemption did not mean the coming of Jim Crow. When, therefore, did it start, and why? The wave of racism in the South came in, Mr. Woodward writes, "as a swell upon a mounting tide of national sentiment." The Negro had been emancipated when white men fell out: "he now stood to lose his rights through the reconcillation of white men." Imperialism, an "Anglo-Saxon" reaction against the new immigrants, and a desire for sectional reconciliation, all helped to make the North responsive to racial concepts—a change that even affected liberal opinion. And, in the South, the Whig ruling class was threatened by agrarian discontent. The Populist agitation, at first, was based on racial unity: to meet it, and to divert discontent, the conservatives turned to racial demagogy. At the same time, they used the Negro vote to fake elections against the Populists: the reformers' anger at this political swindle was then cleverly diverted from the swindlers themselves to the wretched Negroes whose votes they had falsely

cast. The South, towards the end of the Nineties, was ready to make a scapegoat of the minority: it was whipped into a frenzy by a complex of economic, political and social frustrations, and racialism was the way out.

The legal structure of segregation dates from this time. Now, as Mr. Woodward emphasises, the end is in sight. The "New Reconstruction," as he calls it, is taking place, along with the growth of new industrial towns and the disappearance of the one-crop economy. Jim Crow reduced the Negro vote in Louisiana from 130,334 in 1896 to 1,342 in 1904: the end of the white primary has restored it from 1,672 in 1948 to 108,724 in 1952. Here, in votes, is one index of change. Segregation is going from the universities and now the schools; it has been abolished in the armed services—Mr. Truman's greatest achievement in the field of civil rights; it is disappearing from parks, libraries and museums all over the South. Reform, indeed, reached an ironic climax in 1953, when the Grand Dragon of the Florida Ku Klux Klan announced that Negroes were now eligible for membership.

Mr. Woodward has some tentative explanations of the reasons for this new social revolution. It is, indeed, remarkable how much information, and how many suggestive ideas he has managed to include in these lectures at the University of Virginia. Whatever the reasons, the new emancipation is one of the few really hopeful exceptions to a decade of cold war and racial and political tension.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

New Novels

A Fox Under My Cloak. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. *Macdonald.* 15*s.*

Excelsior! By PAUL HYDE BONNER. *Deutsch.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Thicker than Water. By FRANK TILSLEY. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

The Lady in the Tower. By JOHN SYMONDS. *Chapman & Hall.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Women Die Twice. By PAUL LAFEUILLE. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

One of the many socially revolutionary effects of the first World War was the creation of thousands of T.G.s—Temporary Gentlemen, as they were called—to officer the new mass armies. The job, which had taken Dr. Arnold and the public school system half a century to do for the professional middle classes, had to be done for the lower middle classes almost overnight. One of the strong points of Mr. Williamson's novel is his concentration on this important phenomenon.

A Fox Under My Cloak extends, roughly, from the end of the first Battle of Ypres to Loos. Its hero is Phillip Maddison, a young clerk. Invalided home after Ypres, he gets a commission in a county regiment of pre-war territorials; being intelligent and of a rather romantic and pushful temperament, he has a very nasty time from some of his brother officers, so much so that, although scared sick, he volunteers to return to the front. He winds up at Loos as a gas-officer, trying in vain to point out to the staff in his sector that if they insist on loosing off the gas with such wind as there is in the wrong quarter the results will be disastrous. He survives the battle; presumably Mr. Williamson is saving him up for a further instalment, which will give us even more disastrous fighting of '16, '17 and '18. The 1915 episode, which he shows us here, is one that was somewhat under-written, I think, in the wave of first-war novels in the late Twenties and Thirties; among lesser-known features which it describes in much detail is that peculiar fraternisation in No Man's Land between Germans and British on Christmas Day, 1914. On the home front, apart from the ballyragging, Phillip's adventures include a little amour and a lot of motor-bicycling—"stink-biking," I believe it was sometimes called. All the background, with rumours of the impending struggle between the

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Frocks and the soldiers, has a nice, authentic period flavour. (One's only doubt is whether a veteran of the Crimean war could be commanding a unit at the front in 1915.) As a character Phillip is not altogether satisfactory, too much of a bundle of impulses and moods, perhaps; but he serves well enough as the hero of a pre-eminently sociological novel which—or so it seems to me—has been written principally to recapture a period. The writing, plain and straightforward, is subordinated to this end.

Mr. Hyde Bonner's *Excelsior* is also a sociological novel, a study of an octogenarian Swiss banker during the last war. Robert Eggli sympathises with the Allies, but has some very important German clients who have deposited their hoards with him for safe-keeping. There is a mild clash of interests when his naturalised American son arrives on an intelligence mission, but nothing very much happens. The background is mainly Zurich, with interludes in New York and London. The ambiance of international finance is carefully built up: dark grey suits and an occasional modest pearl tie-pin; a middle-aged French mistress of inconceivable distinction; Swiss hoteliers, who constitute yet another of the world's great unchartered secret societies. The minor characters, chattering aunts and American fliers, are reasonably lively. It all reads very smoothly, if it does not wildly excite.

Thicker Than Water is a blend of the sociological, the didactic, and the sensational. Mr. Tilsley sets out to show the effect of a murder-charge upon the family of a north Midland artisan. The fact that Sid, who has been working in with a gang of motor-car thieves whom he met during the war, is, we know, technically guilty, and that his defence does not stand a chance, helps to create the correct atmosphere of doom-laden realism. The big satirical scene, staged by the London gutter press reporter's attempt to organise a drunken family party on the night of Sid's execution, so as to give him a sizzling front page story, is not allowed to reach its climax. If Mr. Tilsley had been equally sparing with his digressions into the affairs of his minor characters, this might have been an impressive *tour de force*; as it is, it sprawls unduly, though by no means unreadably.

After so much sociology, Mr. John Symonds's nicely written, mildly Gothic, mannered little entertainment makes an agreeable diversion. The hero of *The Lady in the Tower* is Phillip Reeve, a middle-aged dilettante collector, not altogether honest, who amuses himself by compiling a dictionary of Victorian painters. He becomes involved with two women. One, in love with him, is the widow of a young artist who has been doing some faking for him; the other, with whom he is in love, is herself a collector of miniatures. She lives in a tower near Windsor; he visits her there and finds that she has a rather strange background including an oddly detached stock-broker husband. There is an unexpectedly tragic little *dénouement*; all the threads are neatly tied up; the climate engendered is original and curiously oblique.

Women Die Twice is a strange hysterical caper translated rather stiffly from the French. Thérèse, a young virgin who is engaged to a huge massive tycoon, has an immensely satisfying love-affair with an artist. Nevertheless she marries the tycoon and they go to Venice for the honeymoon. The tycoon turns out to be a sexual athlete of championship class. Thérèse undergoes a traumatic experience, and finds, on returning to Paris, that her artist lover has suddenly palled. Almost the last we see of her she is sitting on her father's knee, "stroking his white hair and looking at him with adoring tenderness," while reconciling herself to the future. There is plenty of lofty mystical philosophising of a German rather than French variety, but through it all you will not fail to hear the hoof beats of the galloping tosh-horse. Dame Elinor Glyn rides again.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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Under Western Eyes

The Republic of Indonesia. By DOROTHY WOODMAN. *Cresset Press.* 30*s.*

To those who believe that what happens in East Asia may matter as much as what happens in Europe or the Middle East or Africa, this book will be highly valued. It is mainly a study of Indonesia's political problems since the war, but it does not treat politics as though they were separable from the rest of the nation's life. It shows how they are shaped by Indonesia's history, geography and culture.

Indonesia is not only important to its own eighty million people. Its history since the war has a wider significance. Between 1945 and 1949 it provided the most shocking example of the failure in the West to understand what was happening in the East. Since Indonesia became an independent nation in December, 1949, it has been the biggest question-mark in South-East Asia. None of the new nations in this region has yet become exactly set in its ways, but the uncertainties seem greatest in Indonesia.

Miss Woodman has written a careful and clear account of the bitter struggle between Holland and the Indonesian Nationalists after the war, and of the reluctant and generally creditable role that Britain played in this period. To some readers her account of the Dutch failure to appreciate the political situation in Indonesia, and their consequent blunders, may seem rather harsh. In the opinion of this reviewer, it is a fair and accurate account. At the end of 1945, and for some time after, the official Dutch view was that the Indonesian revolt was the work of a handful of opportunists, whose ambitions had been formed and minds corrupted by the Japanese; that the overwhelming majority of Indonesians wanted only to return to the benevolent guidance of their former rulers. The worst thing about this was that it was an honest view, and that it was generally shared by the officials of other Western powers. The Westerners who had lived longest in Indonesia were the most consistently misleading sources of information about the political realities after the war. There were many individual Dutchmen who understood the changed situation, but they were unable to influence official policy. It is important to study and try to understand this Western failure to assess the strength and nature of Indonesian nationalism after the war, or we may make again in East Asia the same mistakes we made ten years ago.

The achievement of independence does not change a nation's problems; it only changes the men who have to tackle them. Indonesia's leaders do not seem to have been able to achieve the same unity and sense of direction since independence that they achieved in the struggle for it. The politics of the last years have been plagued by personal and fractional rivalries, by regional restiveness, and ideological confusion. Since it was restored to respectability in 1950 the Communist Party has had marked success in permeating important political and industrial organisations. It is still in doubt whether Indonesia is to be controlled by Moslems, socially conservative and politically nationalist, or by communists, who will want revolutionary social changes at home, and solidarity with communist countries in foreign policy.

Miss Woodman has written a discerning study of these uncertainties. Her approach is a fine combination of sensibility and scholarship. She knows the Indonesians and she has sympathy and respect for what they have done and are trying to do. But she has read the cold record as well as listened to the warm declamation. Her heart never carries away her head. Her last chapter is both a warmly sympathetic and calmly objective appraisal of the present problems of the Republic.

This book is surprisingly up to date, but it shows some signs of hurry in getting it to the publisher. The reader gets a little weary of the Sultan of Djogjakarta's palace, however notable its transformation. There is another minor point that Miss Woodman might keep in mind in the second edition. Why does she follow the northern fashion of recording what happened in the summer or winter of a particular year? These references to seasons are almost meaningless on the Equator, and confusing south of it. But these are niggling things to criticise in such a good and important book.

W. MACMAHON BALL

Admirable Essays

The Bedside Guardian. Selected from the *Manchester Guardian* by IVOR BROWN. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Casual Columns. The *Glasgow Herald* Miscellany. *Outram.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Spoken Word. Chosen from Twenty-five Years of the *Listener* by RICHARD CHURCH. *Collins.* 16*s.*

Those who praise very high an art of their own time are apt to come dreadful croppers with posterity. One thinks of the Younger Pliny's simpering enthusiasm for Roman literature in A.D. 100, of the sighs of delight about the refinement of numbers around 1750, or the burps of self-congratulation that erupt from the front page of *The* * *. So when I found myself lying in bed with influenza and thinking how lucky I was to have for my reading three books of essays of which the best seemed *better written than ever before in the history of literature*, I was inclined to dismiss my high opinion of them as a fevered extension forty years on of a lie-abed fantasy many will remember from their own childhood—*viz.*, "How lucky I am to be born an Englishman, in the right century, of the right parents, in the right part of the country."

Recovered, I am resolved to stand by the view that the short essay has reached in the mid-twentieth century a peculiar height of perfection.

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By "essay" I do not mean the comparatively modern sense of a distillation of personality, but the original meaning of the word: *assay*, a weighing-up of something. It seems strictly applicable to most of the articles in these three books.

The highest proportion of excellent writing is to be found in *The Bedside Guardian* which has been selected from a single year of the *Manchester Guardian*. How short can an essay be? Barbara Bliss by choosing exactly the right moment of narrative in *Minerva Does not Pay*, seems to weigh up in 123 words almost everything that can be said about certain aspects of social change, even including some significant statistics, and to leave the reader delighted not with the writer's cleverness but at the points she has made. It is a self-effacing art of "easy" precision, effective through a rigid selection of images. Isabel Quigly needs only 1,000 words to establish the wrongness of Graham Greene's view that evening institutes are dim; Roger Fulford takes 1,500 for a review that convinces us we have read the most interesting parts of Mr. Tom Jones's *Diary with Letters* and that it has been summed up exactly as we should do it ourselves had we but the political memory and the mastery of words. As for the six articles by Alistair Cooke, I do not believe that ever before have aspects of our world been so precisely and pleasantly presented. The excuse some of us make for not subscribing to the *Manchester Guardian*—that we should feel guilty at leaving so many pieces of good writing unread—seems extravagantly feeble.

Casual Columns from the *Glasgow Herald* sets off the quality of the articles by including some short stories that are typically second-rate, in that they do not try to tell the truth but to lay out a yarn according to a formula. It is odd that the fiction published in newspapers should in general be as execrable as the best of the articles are admirable. Christopher Small on Dr. Roget of the Thesaurus, Elizabeth Kyle on buying a portrait by Lebrun, a leader-writer on Sir William Darling at an election meeting, are among the writers who maintain a fresh and lively precision. Even if most of the others do not go beyond the conventional elegances of good journalism, this is an extraordinarily agreeable collection—and if you thrill at the occasional how-dum-deid o' the cauld hairst nicht you will enjoy it even more.

The Spoken Word draws from all the talents and contains many of the monuments of our time: Churchill's "This was their finest hour" and that terrifying piece of rhetoric in which the Headmaster was obliged to tell a beloved pupil (Italy) that he was going to thrash him: W. B. Yeats, Henry Moore, George Robey expounding their own work; Bertrand Russell on the Webbs, Learie Constantine on being coloured (surely the most effective utterance ever made on this subject), Lord Horder's eminently useful advice on how to bring up young children, C. V. Wedgwood on the pleasure of reading the personal documents of history. And there are very many more of these spoken essays in which something worth saying was finely said. Prospective readers, however, should be warned that *The Listener* is obliged to cut its talks according to its columns and that it is these cut versions that are here reproduced.

However good we may be at writing short essays *The Spoken Word* produces no evidence that any of us can write a sermon. The section entitled *Approaching the Centre* is sadly weak—though the unkind may have a laugh at the poet who describes how his golf got him on with his poetry. The most interesting piece here was spoken by T. S. Eliot in 1937. Believing avarice to be the dominant vice of our time he suspected that "investing in bonds and debentures" might be unchristian. This was at any rate a log that has caused a fine ripple in the Anglican lake.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Aubrey Menen's *The Duke of Gallodoro* and *The Backward Bride* have been added to The New Phoenix Library (Chatto & Windus, 6*s*. each).

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N53

A Londoner at Large

Pictures on the Pavement. By G. W. STONIER. Illustrated by EDWARD ARDIZZONE. *Michael Joseph.* 18*s*.

"Occasional," as a favourite word used to describe certain sorts of books and tables, has its fascination and—wouldn't Mr. Stonier agree?—its humour. How oddly associated it has become with articles which do not, on the face of it, seem less permanent than, say, steam rollers!

If we confine ourselves to the sort of book Mr. Stonier has written for our delectation, we shall discover at least two very good reasons for the use of this word. An occasional book is one which many occasions have engendered and which—for the book under review this is a hard discipline, indeed—should be read in moderation, if the greatest satisfaction is to be obtained from it. Mr. Stonier must not be tossed, like vodka, down the throat. He is chateau-bottled.

Here—aided and abetted delightfully by Mr. Ardizzone—the author displays the fruits of a peripatetic vision, as he pads about the streets of London. Sometimes, by way of a change (though we don't require one), we are shown a few that are more exotic: Cornish cream, not sufficiently clotted; a racing of "hounds" over the Cumberland fells. As a confirmed padder myself, I'd keep him to the pavements; though I couldn't refuse him that wild excursion on the Eagle to Southend, or his reflections on the Reading Room. In the course of refurbishing, the nineteen hallowed names that encircle the dome (one has often wondered how some of them got there) have temporarily vanished. It would be much more appropriate, Mr. Stonier thinks, to replace them with the names of great readers—and might the present reviewer humbly suggest, with a sprinkling of great ablutionists? Gissing—a name venerated by *habitués*—tells us, so desirable were the facilities provided, that a *complete* ablution was a matter of routine for needy readers.

RICHARD STRACHEY

City Lights

A Moral, Gentle Squeeze

Financial announcements and economic news come and go more quietly now. Beneath the isolated brilliancy and the occasional flare-up beats the continuo of a gentle snore. The Stock Exchange, tired with excitement, is hibernating. Markets have moved within very narrow limits for several weeks, and this faultless marking of time is entirely proper. Its faultlessness nevertheless is a little surprising (and is due to the fact that a small squad drills very much better than a large one). How long can it be maintained?

Unnoticed as it may be, the news continues to come out. The October production figure, for example, demonstrates very clearly indeed how the growth of production is slackening off; even if not revised later, it shows that industrial production which was 6.1 per cent. higher in the first quarter and 5.7 per cent. higher in the second, was only 3.3 per cent. higher in the third. Until the recent investment boom bears fruit, production will have to move sideways. The politicians' job is to prevent it from slipping downwards.

The mid-November returns from the eleven London clearing banks, fortunately enough, suggest that the reduction in bank advances is not being pushed too fast or too hard yet. Although they fell by a net £51m. in the month, the British Electricity Authority received in the same period an instalment of £50m. on its recent stock issue and presumably used the greater part of it for reducing its overdraft. Allowing for further moderate borrowing by the nationalised utilities, it would not seem that other overdrafts were reduced very sharply. An article in the current Barclay's Bank *Review* (which has commented before on the difficulties caused to bankers by the new monetary policy) points out that all the

obvious candidates for squeezing have now been squeezed, and that the banks now face the increasingly difficult job of deciding what is or is not in the national interest. With Lord Chandos realising that the credit squeeze is a very blunt instrument which should be used only for a very short time, the Chancellor may in the end be satisfied if the banks can hold advances at their present level and not carry the slimming process very far into the new year. The banks, partly by turning their maturing serial funding bonds into cash, and partly as the result of heavy government borrowing on Treasury bills (bank holdings rose last month by fully £102m.), have now got their average liquidity ratio to 35 per cent., comfortably above the conventional 30 per cent. minimum. It is usual to get the ratio up at this time of year, to prepare for the strain caused by the flow of tax payments from January onwards; but last year, between November and March, the overall liquidity ratio fell only from 34.3 to 29.9 per cent., so that—barring determined open-market operations—the banks have only the directive to worry about in the immediate future.

* * *

Investors, naturally, have every reason to hope that the credit squeeze will not be pushed further and allowed to intensify the effect of the depressing factors already at work. On one hand, the flood of new industrial issues is still growing and shows no sign of slackening off. On the other, company announcements, even at this early stage, are beginning to look less uniformly cheerful. The market was disappointed with the dividends announced by Tate & Lyle and Montague Burton; it was rather more than disappointed with announcements which have come from the motor and textile industries this week. The chairman of the British Motor Corporation has warned them that with costs rising and prices maintained, it would be unreasonable to expect higher profits this year, and that in spite of higher turnover they might even be lower. Rover, reporting lower profits per unit in 1954-5, admits that the results are rather less favourable than would normally have been expected, having regard to the increase in capital. In the textile industry, Joshua Hoyle, cotton and rayon spinners and manufacturers, have reported gross profits £150,000 down at £633,000 and a final dividend cut from 10 to 7½ per cent. British Celanese, the largest rayon producer after Courtaulds, while maintaining its interim dividends at last year's level, has announced that there was a substantial drop in earnings over the first half of the year; turnover was maintained, but wages, services and some raw materials cost more, and highly competitive conditions made it impossible to raise prices.

* * *

It has been clear for some time that domestic capacity for producing steel sheet and tinplate is lamentably inadequate; imports this year will cost some £30m., and exports have been much lower than they need have been. Supplies at present come mainly from the three continuous wide strip mills at Margam (Steel Company of Wales), Ebbw Vale (Richard Thomas and Baldwins), and Shotton (John Summers). Present estimates suggest that the gap between demand and domestic supplies may be as much as 1½m. tons by 1960; perhaps 1m. tons of this could be met, once present extension plans are completed, by running the mills at a higher rating, but even this would imply continued dependence on the obsolete hand-mills. Gradually, therefore, the industry has been coming round to the need for a fourth strip mill at Margam, and an announcement may be made before the end of the year. In the steel industry, closely integrated and basic to the economy, major projects of this kind are best hatched slowly. Meanwhile, the sale to the public of the Steel Company of Wales (a major operation), for which the way had been smoothed by a reorganisation of the board, seems to have been held up by the lull on the Stock Exchange. There are rumours, however, that another steel issue (possibly Consett) will soon be made.

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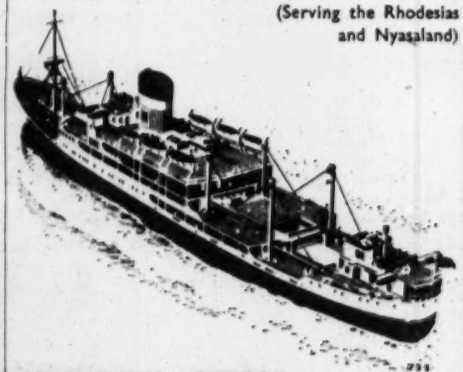

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,345

Set by Flavus

Competitors are invited to imagine they are sending a Christmas present of books to a friend beyond the Iron Curtain, and they are asked to compose, in the knowledge it will come under the official eye, a rhymed postcard to let the recipient know what to expect. Limit, 12 lines: entries by December 13.

Result of No. 1,342

Set by Guy Walsingham

Carmen Jones and *Joe Macbeth* have opened up a field of great possibilities. Readers are invited to submit the first skeleton suggestion of a scenario for a film of contemporary life entitled *Babe Othello, Bill Hamlet, Sid Figaro, Aida Amber, Commissar Igor, Pelléas Dupont* or *Parsifal Robinson.*

Report

Clearly there is no one to touch W. Shakespeare as provider of raw material for the screen. Bill and the Babe had it all their own way, and the opera-fans were nowhere with their Sids and Parsifals. Babe turned up as a West Indian cricketer, a Covent Garden basket-maker, and as the boss of the Lower East-Side Spaghetti gang ("suitable part for Audie Murphy or Alan Ladd"—John Brown). Hamlet was a drug addict, a neurotic mill-worker ("son of old Seth Hamlet"), an honest young bookie ("whose dad has been bumped off in a fight in Denmark Street"), a college boy interested in theatricals and Inspector Bill of Scotland Yard. The best translation of Hamlet's father came from Jim Parrott who made him "work by day as a stoker, returning by night, a shadow of his former self, to prowl about his former home." First prize of three guineas to K. W. G.; a guinea each to L. G. Udall, R. A. Peacock and Edward Blishen. Honourable mention to R. A. Atcherley for a stab at Parsifal Robinson, to Jean Goujon for his Sorbonne-educated Hamlet, to Helen MacGregor, Jim Parrott, D. R. Peddy and P. M

BABE OTHELLO

Senator de Mona: "It's fantastic. My daughter marry a baseball-player."

Des (short for Désirée): "But Daddy, he's a real hundred percent American."

Senator: "With a name like Babe Othello?"

Des: "But we're of Italian stock too."

Sen.: "But we're fourth generation Americans."

Des (suddenly): "It's time for the big game." Switches on TV. Babe seen hitting home run. She switches off and rushes out.

They marry. Babe hits three home runs and is received by Senator. Sequence of trains and stadiums (Cleveland, Cincinnati, etc.), Babe hitting home runs, Des cheering in crowd. Then trouble: Bill Jago, team manager. Des resists his advances, but drops handkerchief at big game. Jago finds it, gives it to Babe.

Jago: "Steady, Babe, it was only a lapse. And I guess that time I saw her with Dodgers' second pitcher . . ." Close up of Babe's face working. Fade to Des's bedroom, sumptuously lit. Babe creeps in, turns out one arty lamp after another. Music. Strangles her, shoots himself. Coloured maid, Milly, informs on Jago. Jago trapped in stadium during Babe Memorial Game. Fans "get" Jago.

Senator: "Babe was a great guy. A tragic guy, I guess, but a great one."

K. W. G.

A BRUMMAGEM TRAGEDY

Babe Othello is a bus driver just promoted to Inspector. Desdemona his wife is still a conductress and now in the driving seat sits George Cassio. Nifty Jago, who used to "turn and turn about" with George is a Probationer Inspector under Babe. Manager Humbert Brabant decides Babe should take charge of an outlying bus route. Des and George are seen drinking cocoa in the Welkom Caff kept

by Emily, Nifty's wife. Nifty wants promotion —quick. He hints to Babe *some* buses on his old route are running all to pot, one in particular. It dawns on Babe why. He goes to the Caff, but wastes his time. Then Des one day leaves her hanky with " Babe loves Des " on it in the Caff. Emily finds it, Nifty takes it and plants it on George. At a Union meeting Nifty tells George there's a smut on his nose—he nudges Babe to see the hanky. Later Babe goes to the Caff and shoots Des, Emily blows the gaff and is done by Nifty with a breadknife. Babe fires at Nifty and wings him and shoots himself. Then George comes in with the police.

L. G. UDALL

BILL HAMLET

Returned to King's Head Hotel, Bradford—erstwhile run by newly-deceased Father—Bill Hamlet finds Uncle Fred has married Mother and is new landlord. Festive free-beer scene leaves Bill cold. Fred pushed me in when we was fishing, but don't blame your Ma, says ghost of drowned Father in dismal Leeds-Liverpool canal shot. Panoramic of Ilkley Moor sees Bill suicidal in Black Mood. To crowded bar he turns on Tele play of murder by drowning. Uncle pulls mild for bitter in fright. Flirtation by gas-works with Joe-the-waiter's daughter Sally leaves Bill mixed-up and annoys Joe. In temper Bill does Joe injury with pint tankard, finishes with Sally—go join the WAAFS he says—and gets rep. job with Tadcaster brewery. Returns later as Sales Manager in Jag for dramatic bar climax. Sally, on leave, has gone cheap. I blame you Bill, by kid-brother, starts free-for-all in singing room. Stop says Uncle Fred, I caused all this, I did your dad in. Fred committed to assizes on murder rap in final court drama, Mother also implicated. Bill and kid-brother six months each for disturbing. I'll be out for your next leave, says Bill. She says tearful O.K. Close on Air Force March Past as she swings out of court portals.

R. A. PEACOCK

Most popular character on the campus at Elsinore, Pa., Bill Hamlet's the prop of the baseball team, ace-drummer in the jazz-band, and pretty near to graduating in Elementary Arithmetic. He's the most dated boy around. All this, and nephew of the U.S. President, too. Why is he so moany, then? Dean Polonius says Bill's in love with his daughter, much-sought-after blonde Ophy. Bill's buddy, Horry, majoring in Simple Psychology, points out that the President broke Bill's father's heart by dishing him (pretty dirtily) for the presidential nomination: went on to marry Bill's mother, still-dazzling Gertie Hamlet. Oedipus, mutters Horry; but the folks think he's just talking about another co-ed. Meanwhile, Bill mopes: lets the ball team down: goes highbrow on the jazz-band: gives Ophy the brush-off at the Rag. The President gets edgy; plans that Bill shall be egged into captaining Elsinore in the big match against Fortinbras, Mass; the puck contains a small but deadly explosive. Out of form, Bill misthrows and the puck lands in the Presidential box. Only survivor, Horry makes exuberant speech about U.S. political integrity, vows to rebuild Elsinore in time for next year's big game.

EDWARD BLISHEN

The Chess Board

No. 322 The Thrill of the Kill

Since, after all (and according to the official F.I.D.E. code), " the object of the play is to checkmate the opponent's King " we take a pardonable interest in such consummation, particularly if the final *coup de grâce* is as graceful as in this position won by V. Place in the *Café de la Régence* in 1922. (On a recent visit to Paris, incidentally, I was shocked to see the old place " modernised " beyond recognition, with Napoleon's chess table as the only relic of ancient glory). However, after (1) Kt x P, K x Kt, (2) P-Q5 Black obliged by B-Kt5, thereby permitting (3) R x Kt, B x Q, (4) R-Kt6 ch, K-R2, (5) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1, (6) R-R7 ch, K-Kt1, (7) R-R8 mate. I found this in *The Art of Checkmate* by Georges Renaud and Victor Kahn (*Bell & Sons*, 1955, 12/6). This English edition of the American translation from the original French is a welcome addition to many similar books of recent vintage, for evidently we never tire of seeing a collection of incisive brevities and mating combinations. Facing quite an *embarras de richesse* I might as well pay the authors the compliment of picking their very own plums. Here's one of Renaud's (Nice, 1923).

(1) P-K4	Kt-KB3	(8) Kt-Kt5	P-KKt3
(2) P-K5	Kt-Q4	(9) P-R5	K-Kt2
(3) P-Q4	P-K3?	(10) Q-Kt4	P-B4
(4) Kt-KB3	B-K2	(11) Kt x P ch	P x Kt
(5) B-Q3	O-O?	(12) Q x P ch	K-R1
(6) P-KR4	P-QB4	(13) B-Kt8	R-B2
(7) B x P ch	K-R1	(14) B x R	resigns.

And here is a pretty little game—quite a Morphy pattern—won by Kahn at Copenhagen, 1918.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(11) B x B	Q x B
(2) P-Q4	P x P	(12) Q-Q3	Kt-Kt5
(3) Q x P	Kt-QB3	(13) Q-B4	P-Q4!
(4) Q-Q1	Kt-B3	(14) B x P ch	K x B
(5) Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(15) Q x Kt	P-B4
(6) B-Q3	O-O	(16) Q x BP?	Q x Kt!
(7) B-KKt5	R-K1	(17) P x Q	B-R6 ch
(8) Kt-B3	Kt x P!	(18) K-Kt1	R-K3
(9) B x Kt!	B x Kt ch	(19) Q-B7? (Q-Kt4!)	QR-K1
(10) K-B1	B-B3	(20) R-KB1	R-K8! etc.

Paucity of more recent and less celebrated material is a drawback of the book; but it is compensated by the indubitable advantage to students of a collection of 80 instructive exercises, the " solution to quizzes " being given at the back of the volume.

A: W. Henneberger 1934

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White blundered by Q-Kt4 which, after (1) . . . B x Kt merely led to a draw. How could he have forced the win in a few moves? The two studies are both draws, B most instructive for beginners, but perhaps a little too easy for 6 ladder-points whilst C seems hardly over-rated at 7 points.

B: Richard Reti

C: E. Zepler 1928

Usual prizes. Entries by December 12.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 319. Set November 12

A: (1) . . . Kt x B? (2) Q-B6! etc.
B: (1) B-Kt3 ch, K-K5. (2) Q-B2 etc.
if (1) . . . K-B3. (2) B-Kt4 etc.
if (1) . . . K-Q3. (2) B-B4 etc.
C: (1) R-Q2! R x R. (2) R-R1 ch, R-Q8. (3) R-K1! R x R. (4) P-K7, R-Q8. (5) P=Q, P=Q. (6) Q-Kt6 ch, etc.
if (5) . . . P=Kt. (6) Q-K2, Kt-B7. (7) Q-K4 etc.
if (4) . . . K-B8. (5) P=Q, Q-Q7. (6) Q-Q8 ch, K-K6. (7) Q-Kt6, K-Q6. (8) Q-Kt5 ch, K-K6. (9) Q-QB5 ch, followed by Q-B3 ch.

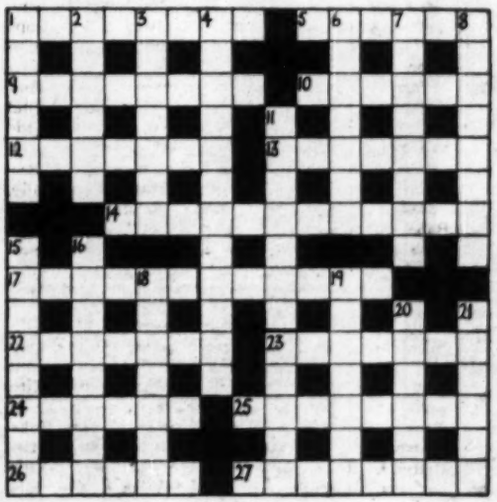
An easy lot and dozens of correct solutions. Duals in the Loyd get full marks. Prizes shared by C. H. Brown, A. R. Cormack, C. Franks (whose airmail entry from South Africa came in good time), C. G. Hilton, M. Hollis, J. M. Reid, all of them new or not so frequent prize-winners.

In the 23rd ladder-decade 1st prize to R. C. Chaturvedi who got 814 points since starting from scratch after the 17th Decade in June '54. Only two points behind is M. Rumney, well ahead of the 3rd prize-winner A. E. Harris, who scored 733 since he went back to scratch as one of the 13th Decade winners in July '53. 4th prize to J. M. Reid (706) who started from scratch after the 6th Decade in February 1952.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 181

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 181, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Dec. 13.



ACROSS

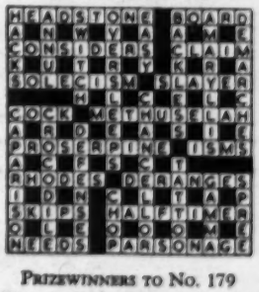
1. Upstarts are on level terms with a deity (8).
5. The pain makes me miserable (6).
9. The detective has the weapons back in shelter (8).
10. Film star born with a sense of vocation (6).
12. If honourable the prayer-book would make a fee for services (7).
13. Boisterous medley of a mad tune (7).
14. Gift from a king for a fellow film magnate in a change of scene (12).
17. An old fool makes an announcement for neutral countries (6, 6).
22. To follow a precedent I get married interrupted by it (7).
23. Get home by swallowing a clue (7).
24. Theatre fun (6).
25. Rude, but not quite like Lee (8).
26. Those who produce dialogue for a writer? (6).
27. Perhaps the boss eats something which does not burn (8).

DOWN

1. Voting all right in a Scottish constituency (6).
2. " Every man of any education would rather be called a —— than accused of deficiency in the graces" (Johnson) (6).
3. Sooner a nobleman that is a king (7).
4. As much as ever it is ruined including a combination of his and mine (12).
6. In the ruined castle I am able to recover quickly (7).
7. Preparing for war to support a dynasty (8).
8. Complaints of female graduates? (8).
11. Butler establishments issuing two kinds of notes? (7, 5).
15. Epitomises a poet (8).
16. One way of bringing together Taffy and I in close relationship (8).
18. For creation I would be needed in addition to the law-giver (7).
19. Incident that is posed wrongly (7).
20. A children's outing which contains the horrific is a menace (6).
21. " Betwixt the —— and soft Sicily " (Arnold) (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 179



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 179

Miss A. E. Lee (Kirk Langley), Mrs. L. Bush (East Horsley), J. Campbell (Edinburgh, 9).

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 776

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CONVALESCENCE or Rest? Winter Holiday? A small quiet hotel for friendly people in "Britain's Best Climate." All desiring warmth & comfort will enjoy Normanhurst. Rec. by rdrs. Inexpensive twin-bedded rms. 4½-7*gns.*, incl. full board, early tea, gratuities, htd. bedrm. (cen. htg. throughout). Bkfst. in bed (nominal charge). Vegetarian if desired. Illus. brochures. Facing Sth., opp. covrd. walk. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

SWITZERLAND, Montreux. Spend winter in sunshine and comfort. Pension from Frs. 16 Particulars: Hotel Régina.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63, Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a well-appointed room with meals, close West End, should call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARK 6280.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

HAMPSTEAD. Cheerful sgle./dble. rooms, ckg. facs., perm./temp. HAM. 4585.

N.W. London: Furn. bed-sitting room, ckg. facs. Use bath., tel., 2nd floor, for quiet tenant. No linen or service. Box 1511.

TO let: well-furnished single bed-sitting room, modern house. HAM. 8698.

HIGHGATE. Close tube. Lux. div.-rms. New contemp. furn., concealed ckr., use k., b., phone. 50s. and 63s. MOU. 9610.

FLATLET with cooker and geyser, also single room, wash-hand basin, h. & c. Crouch End. FITzroy 0773.

RETIRED service or business men can have complete home comfort. Do as you please. Garages, tennis court. Vacancies January. Near Portsmouth. Box 1198.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

KEEN Amateur Photographer, 30, seeks young man with similar interests, view sharing accomm., London area. Box 1408.

MAN offd. pleas. rm. in anr.'s. flat, Bayswater. Kit., tel., &c. Reas. Box 1539.

JAPANESE Journalist sks. accom. b. & b. for 2 mths. Tadao Yamazaki, Rm. 216, The Times, Printing Hse. Sq., E.C.4.

PAKISTANI student seeks digs., respectable family, from December 21. Preferably near University. Box 1494.

YNG. wom. publisher sks. reas. semi-furn. accom. Lond., by Jan./Feb. Box 1429.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

SELF-contained floor, modern house, Kensington: large light studio, balcony, own bathroom, cooker, c.h., c.h.w., light, cleaning included. 4*gns.* weekly. Box 1486.

£50 reward for unfurnished flat. Furniture and fittings purchased and/or substantial rent in advance. Will re-decorate completely at no cost to Landlord. Quiet English couple both in business with no children or pets. FREmantle 5790 or 9748 after 7 p.m.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"NEVER make acquaintances in coffee houses." "Hints On Etiquette" makes an ideal, amusing Christmas gift. 4*s.* 6*d.* from booksellers or 4*s.* 9*d.* post paid from Turnstile Press, Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

ALL that lies behind "The Middle Eastern Question" is disclosed by R. Page Arnot in the December Labour Monthly. Other articles include "After Geneva" (R. P. D.), "Bankers versus Britain" (Margot Heinemann), "The Soviet Navy To-day" (Cmdr. E. P. Young, R.N. (retd.)). 1*s.* 6*d.* all agents, or 9*s.* half-yearly from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

TAFF Vale Judgement Again? Autumn Budget. Slow Motion Slum Clearance. "Labour Research," 9*d.*, 2 Soho Sq., W.1.

CHRISTMAS Gifts. Inexpensive Art and general books. Send for lists. Book Bureau (Dept. N), BCM/Bureau, W.C.1.

WISE Investment follows wise reading. Weigh up prospects by reading the Investors' Chronicle, the best-informed and widest read financial weekly. Two issues free from 56 Investors' Chronicle House, 11 Grocers' Hall Court, London, E.C.2.

BOOKS for Christmas. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Zwemmer's Bookshop, 78 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

WE buy libraries of any description; particularly on Left movements & Russia. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

MISCELLANEOUS

POLLOCK'S is here again. Toy Theatres complete with play book, scenery and characters, 42*s.* post free. Lighting sets, 22*s.* Other plays, 4*s.* 8*d.* and a new version of the "Silver Palace," by Reginald Reynolds, together with the Victorian version and "Hamlet," 6*s.* 6*d.* post free. Apply by post only to Benjamin Pollock, Ltd., c/o Price, Son and Reid, 6 Iddesleigh Hse., Caxton St., S.W.1.

ALL Photo Services. Portraits, Studies, Children, Home Visits, Family & Official Occasns., tech./commerc. wk. inc. photocopies, &c. Transglobe Press, 80 Fleet St. CIT. 5541.

OLD Turkeys take on a new look when served with Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee); unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Piertag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

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BOARDING School for boys and girls from four years. Happy surroundings. Recog. as efficient by Min. of Education. Thanet House School, Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs.

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THE Town & Country Day School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (Primrose 4306.) Small group of weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 5-18 educated for General Certificate of Education and the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.

PERSONAL

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts can accept new members at the present rate of subscription until January 1, 1956, when the increased rate will apply. Write for details and monthly Bulletin of activities to 17-18, Dover St., W.1.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

PERSONAL—continued

THE Phillips Family regret that, owing to death, the Christmas Party will not take place this year.

FRENCH-speaking American (m., 26) sks. m. comp. to Spain early Jan. Box 1444.

BACHELOR seeks another (25-35) view spending Xmas in Germany. Box 1480.

TRAINED, domesticated lady would like job in long school holidays. Would run house where children returned for holidays or anything interesting considered. Exch. refs., interview, London. Box 1438.

LIBRARIAN, f., recovering illness, perm. job, sks. loan £100, repay £125. Box 1371.

£2,000 to inves. in activity-project of intellectual and/or human worth. Profit not motive but wd. like to maintain capital. Serious offer. Any currency/country. Box 1538.

BARITONE sks. singing teacher, also prof. piano accompanist, London. Box 1516.

WILL Harry Sand of Swiss Cottage, please write to Sarah. Box 1580.

THE complete contents of a modern house or flat required, cash transaction. 'Phone BAY. 7224.

HAPPY seaside home offered to children in Kent health resort. Pers. care. Any period. Gd. schools nr. 3½*gns.* wk. Children from abroad welc. Helen Rainsford, 35 Westgate Bay Ave. Westgate-on-Sea. Thanet 31423.

THE Bridge repudiates power: not because it is evil, but because it does not allow ethical choice. Write 128 Burnley Rd., N.W.10.

FILM Training Unit. Full prof. training. Group Two now forming. Heatherleys, 33 Warwick Square, S.W.1. VIC. 6077.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months with Setogni, or your fees refunded. 'Phone WEL. 3091 or RIC. 3286.

DOING anything on Thursday? Or on Saturday? Thursday at Kingsway Hall for free Film Show. Sat. at Royal Festival Hall for a varied evg. of entertainment. See "Ramblers" in Entertainments Column.

WINTER programme now ready. Sports in Switzerland, Austria and Norway, Riviera sunshine, Madeira, Cruises, Paris etc. Popularis Tours. Dept. NSN, 6 Royal Arcade, Old Bond St., W.1. HYD. 1352/3.

ESCAPE from Winter to Majorca, Ibiza, etc. 15 days from £39; 12 weeks £90. New Vistas Travel Service, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. MOLesey 2105. Summer Programme ready shortly.

CHRISTMAS Holidays. If you haven't yet made plans for Christmas don't worry, we can still offer you quite a number of interesting, inexpensive suggestions. Winter Sports holidays in Austria or Switzerland (Gerlos, Gargellen, Zürs, Zermatt, Klosters) and Christmas party in Paris. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

WINTER (at 1,200 m.) below Montana, Switz. Comf. flat, 4 b. avail. Jan. Feb. Mar. Chênevèches, Randogne s/Sierre.

SKI-ING at Obergurgl, Austria. Private party leaving March 3 for two weeks has few vacancies. £32. Box 1496.

YOUNGSTERS' (8 to 18) Country House Party. Ponies to ride and Pantomimes to see; Dances, Fancy Dress, Square and Ballroom Dances; organised outings, outdoor games, from December 28 to January 13. For particulars apply The Secretary, Parndon Hall, Harlow, Essex. Tel. Harlow 24511.

OUR Christmas house parties are practically full but we can still include a few men to balance numbers. Don't leave it until the last minute—book now! Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SEE Austria & Switzerland for Winter Sports and see Taormina (Sicily), Ischia, Capri, Amalfi, together with Rome & Naples for your Christmas & Winter Sunshine Holiday. Special arrangements have been made with B.E.A., Swissair & Alitalia to offer you a luxury holiday at economical rates. 13-day holiday by air via Zurich to Steinach: £37 10s.; 13-day holiday by air via Geneva to Champery: £41 12s.; 14-day holiday by air to Rome, Naples, Capri or Ischia: £69 15s.; 14-day holiday by air to Rome & Taormina: £79 10s. Apply for full details to Apal Travel, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.1. MUSeum 9351/2, or 287 High Holborn, London, W.1. CHAncery 4627/8.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1*gn.* to 5*gns.* a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

MEN wear Adhite shoes and be 2in. taller. From 79*s.* 6*d.* a pair. Details City Shoe Co. (Rm. 80), 147 Holborn, E.C.1.

CHRISTMAS Cards, etc. High quality reproductions of Old Masters in colour. Large prints 5*s.*, postcards 3*d.* each. Christmas Greetings folders with envelopes 5*d.* each, postage extra. Obtainable at the Wallace Collection, Manchester Square, W.1. List of subjects forwarded free on request.

PROFESSED and intending World Citizens should write to Secretary-General, Commonwealth of World Citizens, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8, for brochure, "A New People for a New World," 1*s.* post free.

PERSONAL—continued

CHELSEA now has its own shop where you can buy the loveliest Swedish glass, Finnish ovenware, and beautiful ceramics, at very reasonable prices: Tern Studios, 416 King's Rd. (Chelsea), S.W.10. FLA. 4045.

AU Pair: We arrange 3-12 mths.' stay Switz., France, Belgium for yng. educ. girls will. help with children, easy housewk.; pkt. money. Early bkg. essen. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

FOREST School Camps. Introductory Course December 28 to January 3, for those wishing to join the staff of these co-educational Summer Camps for children of all ages. Details from Mrs. S. Powlesland, 26 Chicago Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½*d.* for "Stories that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) & prospectus world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

READING or writing in a foreign language is all very well, but can you talk? Short intensive courses all languages. The Mentor, 11 Charing X Rd., W.C.2. TRA. 2044.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WELbeck 6655 for details.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

ABBATT Toys are thought out for each child. See them at toyshop, 94 Wimpole St., W.1, or in Christmas List "Right Toy for Every Age."

MISS OLLIVIER. Colonic irrigation. Open until 8 p.m. MAYfair 1085.

CHRISTMAS Peace Party at Friendship House, Bückeburg, Germany, Dec. 22-29. International contacts, celebrations, excursions. £5 plus reduced fares. Apply: A. Brocklehurst, 77 Brent Way, N.W.3.

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.1. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

MOBILE recording unit. Schools, choirs, plays, concerts, meetings. Prof. equip. only. Tape/discs, L.P. Homecord. HAM. 1466.

AMUSING, original gifts and cards for your less conventional friends? Try The Hampstead Gallery, 12 Perrins Court, N.W.3. Open all day Saturday. (HAM. 4899.)

NEW Year Party and Square Dance Weekend at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also vacation courses, Jan. 3-9.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 1379.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

FOR the best Christmas Cards come to Caravel Press, Moxon St., London, W.1.

GUITAR Lessons. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WEStern 5209.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship). Founded 1939 to assist the New Author. Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions, Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Ross-on-Wye.

INVIGORATING, stimulating and also relaxing is the effect of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment of proved value. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WELbeck 9600.

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READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Frazer's "Golden Bough," 12 volumes, as new; Keesings 1934-45 bound, 1946-49 loose, £10; 1955 Encyclopædia Britannica, unopened—offers? Encyclopædia Britannica, 14th edition, excellent condition—offers: would exchange gramophone, etc.; Square Piano (1820), good order, £25, offer, seen London; Spanish Linguaphone; Waverley Novels; French records and textbooks, excellent condition, £9 9*s.*

WANTED: Copies "Horizon"—Nos. 1 (both issues), 3, 5, 6, 8 to 24, 65, and special number of 1945; Two-piano music.

Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 3s. first, 10d. each additional word, and covers the cost of forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3*s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.*

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. requires men or women with wide experience and mature judgment for posts concerned with the preparation and production of television programmes for women. Work requires good educational background, intimate knowledge and understanding of circumstances and problems of domestic life throughout country and thorough appreciation of women's interests inside and outside home. Editorial sense, ability to plan and organise content of programmes and appreciation of Television medium important. Appointments may be to posts on establishment with starting salaries £975 or £1,220 (possibly higher for exceptional qualifications) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 or £1,600 respectively. In certain cases short-term engagements can be considered. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1398 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Full-time Lay Psychotherapist reqd. for East Quinton School, Seaford, and Red House School, Tadworth, Surrey. Honours degree in psychology or equivalent. Recognised training and/or experience in therapy; membership Assn. Child Psychotherapists desirable. Salary: £915 × £25—£1,115 (men), £815 × £20—£965 (women). Prescribed conditions. Appl. forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Chief Educ. Officer (GP), 10 Gt. George St., London, S.W.1, returnable by Dec. 16 (quote R.823 N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

THE National Institute of Houseworkers. Applications are invited for the post of Training Officer. The Training Officer is responsible to the Board of Directors for training standards including the preparation of training schemes and for the procedure for the Institute's Diploma Examination. Candidates should be well qualified experienced teachers of Housecraft. Experience in the field of further education and/or as advisers in the Local Education Authority service would be an advantage. The salary scale is £700—£900 per annum. The post is recognised under the Teachers' Superannuation Acts. The person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees and accompanied by copies of recent testimonials should be forwarded to the Secretary, 53 Mount Street, W.1, by Dec. 17, 1955.

SOCIAL Workers required as temporary assistant organisers of children's care work in the Public Health Department of the London County Council. Possibility of permanent appointment later. Duties concerned with social work in connection with the school health service, including recruitment and training of voluntary workers. Social Science qualification desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £506 (at age 24)—£675. Application forms and details obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/1995), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by December 12.

WANTED, 3 organisers for Midlands, South Wales and London. Posts superannuable—good prospects. Applications should be in applicant's own handwriting. Full details of previous occupations, also age, should be supplied. To General Secretary, National Union of Public Employees, Civic House, Aberdeen Terrace, London, S.E.3.

LARGE London Advertising Agency requires Marketing and Market Research Executive aged about 30. Agency experience in the consumer goods field will be an asset and a degree in Economics and/or statistics is desirable but not essential. Please apply with full details to Box 1173.

MATRON required for girls' house, Bedales School, Petersfield, Hants. (co-educational), for January or April next. Responsible and interesting post. Nursing qualifications not essential, school experience very desirable. Apply within a week, with testimonials, to Headmaster, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

STRUCTURAL consultant reqs. senior/semi-senior designer-draughtsman for branch office, Sutton. Exp. in steelwork, reinforced concrete. State exp. and future ambitions. Interview: Victoria St. Box 1506.

ANGLO-German Association requires full-time secretary. Write full particulars and salary reqd. to 43 Parliament St., S.W.1.

FRANCES Mary Buss House. Additional assistant Club Leader, woman, needed for residential settlement in East End of London. Apply, stating quals., to P.M.B.H. Secretary, Canons, Edgware, Midds.

HOSTS and Hostesses required. Married couples, no children, for management of guest houses. 80 guests. Catering experience necessary. Ability and interest in organisation of social recreation. Starting salary £400 per annum. Accommodation and full board provided. Write for application form to Workers Travel Association, Ltd., Eccleston Crt., Gillingham St., S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY required shortly for Managing Director of this journal. Publishing experience, knowledge art an advantage; good shorthand-typing essen. Salary to be arranged. Write with full particulars to Miss Dodsworth, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

CHATTO & Windus have vacancy for Production Assistant with experience. Work involved clerical rather than typographical. Write, giving age, exp. and salary to Production Manager, 42 William IV St., W.C.2.

MILFORD Chest Hospital, Godalming, Surrey. Student Nurses (Male or female) required for two years' training for the State Preliminary Examination and Certificate of British Tuberculosis Association. Training grant £245 first year and £255 second year, less £113 for full board residence. Uniform provided. Bonus of £60 payable at the expiration of two years' B.T.A. training. Hospital transport connects with rail/bus services. Apply: The Matron.

PART-time boys' club leader reqd. for mixed youth club & jun. boys' club in N. Kensington 3/4 evenings each wk. Box 1333.

ASSISTANT Wardens required for boys' hostels in London and Cambridge. Some youth club or similar experience necessary. Commencing salary £4 per week, live in, all found. Applications to The S.O.S. Society, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

CALDECOTT Community. Wanted Assistant Matron to take charge of group of girls aged 11-17 years. Must be interested in the problems of maladjusted and deprived children. C.T.C. preferred. Apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

WANTED: Woman Secretary to organise and manage an office for a small team of technical executives at the head of a rapidly expanding engineering organisation. The post is one involving a great deal of responsibility and applicants, who should be competent shorthand-typists, should possess considerable experience in office routine and be prepared to build up from a small unit. A knowledge of French or German would be an advantage, but is not essential. Location of work, 15 minutes from London Bridge (S.R.) Box 1473.

THE World Union for Progressive Judaism requires secretary, man or woman, full-time or part-time, to start January 1, with full secretarial qualifications, able to take responsibility, languages an advantage. Write: 51, Palace Court, W.2.

ARTISTIC Director of rapidly expanding Gramophone Co., reqs. sec. Usual speeds, knowl. of music essential. Age 30-35. Some Fr. & Ger. advantage. Box 1437.

SECRETARY to Managing Director in E.C.1 area. Excellent salary offered. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. WEL. 4559.

ASSISTANT (female) reqd. for booksellers & stationers. Apply Manager, Wymans, 44 Denmark Hill, S.E.5. BRI. 2580.

NOT so young and even undeniably elderly applicants (m. & f.) nevertheless do find work through the Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

ASTER Secretarial Agency, 231 Baker St., N.W.1 (Nr. Stn.). Come to us for best perm./temp. office posts. WEL. 8774.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

RELIABLE and versatile woman secretarial worker seeks change. Central or N.W. London. Varied work and shortish hours more important than sal. Free Jan. Box 1507.

EXPD. clerk/typist English, German (sh.), Italian, French, reqs. part-time post, pref. morns. Mrs. Jones, FRO. 1971 evgs.

CATERING Supervisor/Adviser. Female, experienced and fully qualified all categories of catering, available, permanent, temporary, full or part-time. Highest recommendations. Please write to Box T.691, c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

TOUGH, interesting job reqd. Pay more important than prospects. 23 y.o. Public school. 3 years manual labourer. Box 1433.

ABLE-bodied man, 25, sks. res. post. Keeper, c/taker. Solitude, willing long periods without leave. Free Jan. Box 1412.

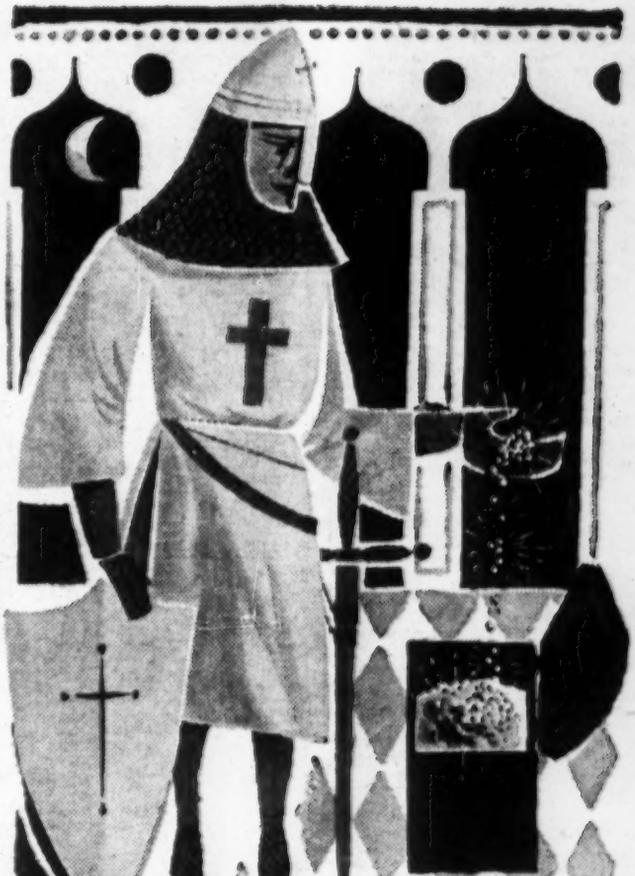
CAVALRY Officer, 34, Staff College, just retired, requires post in commerce or profession, at home or abroad. Experienced in organisation, administration, staffing, sports, etc. Any post requiring tact, initiative and personality considered. Apply Major G. N. Rees, c/o Col. Beath, Burleigh, Great Bolas, Wellington, Shropshire.

ENG./Ger. Sh'hand-typist, shipping/engineering exp. o'seas/Engl. sks. post. Box 1456.

CINEMATOGRAPHER with wide experience of film production and presentation and good literary ability, seeks employment. Box 1297.

HISTORY Ph.D. (Yale), 33, successfully teaching, writing, large university eastern U.S., for family reasons wishes reside permanently England, seeks academic or suitable non-academic position. Intimate knowledge England/Europe. Box 987.

THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TERminus 8566. (Conducted by former Headmistress.) Employment in schools, institutions, associations. Administrative, secretarial, teaching, household, etc. Posts vacant and wanted. Also lecture and concert agent for clubs, colleges, schools.



The Crusader and the ballotini beads

There is no romantic legend here. The Crusader happens to be a highly-efficient electric water heater, and the ballotini beads are minute glass spheres scattered in thousands on road signs to give whole area reflection. But the two are related: the water heater and the reflective road signs are made by companies in the seven Divisions of Tube Investments.

So many things that make life easier, and sometimes save it, stem from the symbol TI, and its manufacturing companies—from oxygen bottles (which went to the top of Everest and Kanchenjunga) to hypodermic needle tubing, bicycles to rolled steel sections, flame-proof lighting to aluminium sheet, and mechanical handling plant to rolling mills.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

DUCHESS—TEM. 8243. 7.30. Sat. 5.30, 8.30. Th. 2.30. Tom Arnold presents J. B. Priestley's new comedy. "Mr. Kettle & Mrs. Moon." "Rollicking comedy"—Evening Standard.

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. "An Italian Straw Hat." 7.45. Sats.: 5.30 & 8.30. Maryland 5973.

ARTS, Tem. 3334, 7.30 (ex. Mon.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. "Komuso." Mems. 10s. yrly.

UNITY: Ibsen's "Pillars of Society." First time in London since 1926! Fri., Sats. & Suns. 7.45. Memshp. 2s. 6d. p.a. EUS. 5391.

NEW Gateway, Westbourne Grove, W.2. BAY. 1910. Nov. 29 to Dec. 4, 7.45 (Sun. 6.30). First stage production in England Borchert's famous play "The Man Outside," prod.: Robert Peake. Mem'ship. 5s.

EMPRESS Hall. Ful. 1212. Last 2 perfs. Today 3 & 8.15. Russia's Greatest Dance Company, Moiseyev from Moscow.

MARIONETTE Th., Highgate, now re-opened. Pfs. ev. Sun., 3 p.m. Resv. ARC. 6595.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Dec. 4: "The Member of the Wedding" (A). From Dec. 5: Raimu in "La Femme du Boulanger" (A).

ROXY Repertory Cinema, BAY. 2345, Dec. 4, 12 o'clock High, U. Aquarium, U.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Dec. 3, Barry Fitzgerald in "The Naked City" (A). Director Jules Dassin. 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

INTELLECTUAL Montage: Eisenstein's "October." Sun., Dec. 4, 7.30. Club International, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Join now.

RAMBLERS come to town next week. Free Film show at Kingsway Hall at 7.15 p.m. on Thursday 8th—films of ski-ing and summer holidays in Norway. Festival Hall on Saturday Evening 10th—Exhibitions of Paintings; Photographic Exhibitions; Dancing—Square, Ballroom and Folk; Lantern Lectures about holidays in Greece and Yugoslavia; "Ascent of Everest" film. Five hours of varied entertainment for only 5s. Tickets from Festival Hall or from R.A., 48 Park Road, N.W.1. 'Phone AMB. 1001.

PROFESSOR Westrup will introduce Bizet's "La Jolie Fille de Perth" with illus. by Oxford University Opera Club. 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Sun., Dec. 4, 8 p.m. Partics. Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, WES. 7513.

ADAM Mickiewicz, Polish Cultural Institute, presents a centenary celebration of Poland's great poet and patriot in Music and Verse, arranged by the Apollo Society, with Adele Leigh (soprano), Peter Gellhorn (piano), Margaretta Scott, Christopher Hassall, Derek Hart (readers). Sun., Dec. 11, at 7.45 in the Recital Room, Royal Festival Hall. Tickets 2s. 6d. (unreserved) from the Royal Festival Hall, S.E.1. (WATerloo 3191.)

AUSTRIAN "Krampus" Dance. Kensington Town Hall, Thurs., Dec. 8, at 8. Austrian Cabaret—Viennese Buffet—Dancing until 11.30. Tkts.: Anglo-Austrian Soc., 139 Kensington High St., W.8. WES. 9003. Mems. 5s., non-mems. & at door 7s. 6d. Limited no. Students' tkts. at 3s. 6d.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1, holds Dances every Thursday and Saturday from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tuesday from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics., write Sec. or please call at the Club.

DECEMBER time is dancing time. For the Dance with a friendly atmosphere come to 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1 (Holborn U.) on Sat., Dec. 3, from 8-11.30 p.m. Adm. 3s. 6d. Org. by Central London Fabian Soc.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., Dec. 3, 8-11 p.m. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Mems. 3s., their guests 5s. Mem'ship invtd.

THE Hyphen Anniversary Dance at the Regal Cinema Ballroom, Finchley Rd., N.W.11. Sat., Dec. 3, 7.30-11 p.m. Dancing to Don Raine Young Quartet. Refreshments. Spot Prizes. Admission 6s. 6d.

INTERNAT. Dance & Reception in aid of Fabian Colonial Bureau. Guests include Lord Listowel and James Griffiths, M.P. Caxton Hall, 7.30-11.45, Mon., Dec. 12. 7s. 6d. inc. light refr'ments.

I.V.S.P., 19 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Xmas Sale, Sat., Dec. 10, 3.30.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Organ Recitals devoted to Christmas Music by Bach & other composers, Wednesdays at 5.45. Dec. 7—Martindale Sidwell. Dec. 14—André Marchal. Dec. 21—John Dykes Bower. Tickets: 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

BACH Concert. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. Sat., Dec. 3, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

I.C.A. at Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Thur., December 8, 7.30. Franz Reizenstein playing his own preludes and fugues for piano. Members 3s. Guests 6s. Membership invited.

TCHAIKOVSKY and "Eugene Onegin"; lecture-recital by Tom Hammond and singers from Sadlers Wells Opera, arr. by Finsbury Public Libraries. Thurs., Dec. 8, 7.30. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (in Sadlers Wells). Admission free.

CONCERTS—continued

LEPPARD Orchestra & Morley College Choir. Purcell: Music to The Tempest; Bach: Concerto for Violin & Oboe; works by Vivaldi, B. Naylor and A. Milner. Ilse Wolf, Janet Baker, Gwynn Griffiths, Jürgen Hess, Michael Dobson. Conductors: Raymond Leppard & P. Racine Fricker. St. Pancras Town Hall, Dec. 7, at 8 p.m. Tkts. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. from Chappells, 50 New Bond St., W.1, or Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1, or at Hall on night.

83RD Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Wed., Dec. 14 at 7.30. Songs & Piano Music by Debussy, Duparc, Damase, Milhaud, Poulenc, Roussel, Irma Kolassi (soprano), Jean-Michel Damase (piano), 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., from Hall (WEL. 2141).

LONDON International Choir (Cond.: Paul Steinitz)—First public perf. Sunday, Dec. 4, 7.30 p.m. Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. Also Frank Merrick (piano), Mavis Straker (sop.) & String Quartet. Adm. 2s. 6d., 4s., 6s. Tkts. at door or from K. Rowe, 108 Sebert Rd., E.7. Ausp. Jt. Council Arts & Sciences for Peace.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

SPENCER F. Gore, an Exhibition of Paintings & Drawings. Drawings by Stanley Spencer. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes Dec. 3. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Admission 1s. to both exhibitions.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Christmas Present Exhibition: Small Works by English & French Artists.

"ART in British Advertising." A national Exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Nov. 22-Dec. 7. Presented by the Advertising Creative Circle spons. by The Times. Dly. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Fris. & Sats. 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Adm. free.

CHRISTMAS Exhibition & Sale of Children's Books. Best selection from Britain and all over the world. Collet's Book Gallery, 44 Museum St., London, W.C.1. Dec. 5-31. Dy. 11-6. Sats. 4 p.m.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30, Bruton St., W.1. French XIX and XX Century Paintings, Drawing & Brogzes. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: First London Exhibition—Roger Lersy. Until Dec. 17. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. 142, New Bond Street, W.1.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. W/colours & gouaches Morocco, Italy, Laurence Scarfe; W/colours France & England, Edwin La Dell. Nov. 15-Dec. 10.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke Street, St. James's, S.W.1. Opening Exhibition of Recent Paintings by Modern British Artists. Nov. 22 to Dec. 24. Mon. to Wed. and Fri. 10.30-5.30. Thurs. 10.30-7.30. Sat. 10-1.

U.S.S.R. Children's Art Exhibition presented by the Sunday Pictorial. R.W.S. Galleries, 26 Conduit St., W.1, until Dec. 22. 10-7 Mon.-Fri., 10-6 Sats. 1s., children 6d.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Derrick Greaves: New Paintings. Sheila Fell: 1st Exhibn. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CATHAY Galleries, 17/19 Pelham Street, S.W.7. Permanent and changing display of reproductions of contemporary and ancient Chinese masterpieces. Widest range of Chinese Christmas cards on sale in the country. Come and make your selection or write for samples.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. New Acquisitions—French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries. Bonnard, Corot, Delacroix, Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Exhibition of "Elegance Militaire." Paintings & prints in colour (1800-1900). Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Dec. 31.

TOOTH'S: Recent acquisitions X: Paintings by Gainsborough, Bellotto, Renoir, Corot, Monet, Braque, Soutine, etc. Daily 9.30-6. Sats. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton Street, W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Hans Tisdall. Until December 3.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Albert Lebourg (1849-1928), peintre paysagiste. Also recent acquisitions.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings and Drawings by Cremonini. Private View Tu., Dec. 6, at 4. Open until Jan. 6.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186. Add a Picasso to your collection. A ticket only costs 12gns. and every ticket wins an original work of art. Picture Fair open Dec. 6 until Dec. 21. The Exhibition "Aspects of Schizophrenic Art" closes Dec. 3.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LONDON Group Members (Exhibition). Open until Dec. 9, this year at Whitechapel Art Gallery, adjoining Aldgate East Und. Station Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sun., 2-6. Closed Mondays. Adm. free.

PICCADILLY Gallery, 16a Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Trewin Copplestone, Gouaches by Orlando Jones, Pottery by Bernard Forrester. Until Dec. 10.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Ardizzone, Bateson Mason & Paul Hogarth. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower Street, W.C.1.) Flaxman Bicentenary Lectures: (1) "Flaxman and the Eighteenth Century," by Dr. Margaret D. Whinney, on Monday, December 5, at 5.30 p.m.; (2) "Flaxman and Regency Art," by Dr. T. S. R. Boase, Thurs., Dec. 8, at 5.30. Adm. free, without tkt. E. A. L. Gueterbock, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled "Donoghue v. Stevenson in Retrospect" will be given by Mr. R. F. V. Heuston (Oxford) at 5 p.m. on December 5, at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. Admission Free, Without Ticket.

NORWAY. Anyone interested in Norway welcome at the Anglo Norse Society's Meetings. December 12, Julestemning. Christmas programme of poetry and music. Gerik Schjelderup, Madam Sinding-Larsen, Malcolm Troup, at Flat 3, 59 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. Partics., Hon. Sec., c/o Norwegian Emoassy, 25 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1.

MARXISM in the Atomic Age—3 Lectures. Hampstead Town Hall, Mon., Dec. 5, 8 p.m. 3—J. Klugman "Peaceful Co-existence and the road to Socialism. 6d.

DR. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., "The Origin of Christmas." Dec. 4, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public Lecture, Wed., December 7, 6.30, "Buddha on the Mind," V. S. Karunaratne, M.A. Read "The Middle Way"—2s. 6d. quarterly. Short Courses for Beginners (open to all) regularly held. Information: EUSton 7770.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7379. Fri., Dec. 2, 8 p.m. E. Lessing: "Russia, 1917-18." Fri., Dec. 9, 8 p.m. The Rev. A. Bloom, "The Church in Russia To-day."

THE London Society of Jews & Christians. "Jewish & Christian conceptions of the Good Life." (1) "The Need for a Religious Basis." Rev. E. Carpenter, Canon, Westminster Abbey, Prof. I. Levine, M.A., D. Litt., Tu., Dec. 6, 8.15. King's Weigh Hse., Church Hall, Binney St., Oxford St., W.1. All welc.

7000 miles across the U.S.S.R. Impressions of a recent visit to Moscow, Stalingrad and Samarkand by Dr. Bruce Cardew. Lantern slides and film. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8.15 p.m. Princess of Wales, corner of Abbey/Belsize Rds. Buses 31 & 59. Open Meeting St. Marylebone Labour Party.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High Street, W.8. Sunday, Dec. 4, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. Virginia Flemming: "Religion for Mastery and for Suffering."

CEDRIC Dover: "Science and Peace." New Generation Group, Burgh House, Well Walk, nr. Hampstead Tube. Mon., Dec. 5, at 8.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. December 10 at 6 p.m., M. Guy Weelan (Alliance Française): "Les peintres modernes français."

BRITISH Phrenological Society Inc. Free Public Lecture. Speaker: J. L. Barr, F.B.P.S., M.R.S.T. 2.30 p.m., Sat., Dec. 10. Memorial Hall, Farringdon St., E.C.4.

FRIDAY Discussion Gr., South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, Fri., Dec. 2, at 7.30, in the Library. Mrs. S. Kras, B.A., "Anti-Social Behaviour; A Result of Social Stress." Adm. free.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., Dec. 9, 8.30. Dr. D. Friedman: "The Nature of Indian Philosophy." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Terr.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 7.15 p.m. Arranged jointly with National Peace Council. John Pinder, "Uranium Diplomacy." Adm. free. Collection.

"COMMUNICATION & World Socialism" W.S.M. mtg. 32 Percy St. Dec. 6, 7.30. Please enquire: Morais, 80c, Chiltern St., W.1. WEL. 3116.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30, Sun. Dec. 4, King's Weigh Hse. Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn. Disc.: Dr. A. D. Belden: World Religion & War.

A SCIENCE of Values: a lecture for the public on a new line of scientific research into the operation of the mind, by A. D. Stenning, B.A., 67, Cadogan Gdns., S.W.3 (2 mins. Sloane Sq.) 7 p.m., Dec. 7.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BASIL Davidson speaks on his recent book "African Awakening" at Collet's Exhibition Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Tuesday, December 13, at 6.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. each from Collet's or at door.

HERBERT Read: "Art & Education." Chair.: Eric Newton. Finsbury Town Hall, 8.15, Mon., Dec. 12. Adm. 1s. Enqs.: S.E.A., 37 Denison Hse., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1. VIC 2989.

FILMS and TV for Peace Conference. Speakers: Cedric Belfrage, Percy Belcher, Chris Brunel, Maurice Goldsmith, Ela Reid. 10.15-5 p.m. 90 Buckingham Palace Rd., S.W.1. Dec. 4. Adm. 2s. 6d. at door.

"EDUCATION in Eastern Germany": Dr. T. W. Taylor, Headmaster, Haberdashers' Aske's Hampstead School, recently returned from official visit, 5.30, Thrs., Dec. 8, Inst. of Educ., U. of L., Malet St., W.C.1.

UNION Society of London Joint Debate with Oxford Union. "This house regrets Church's support of Dr. Billy Graham." Grays Inn Common Rm., nr. Chancery La. Tube, Dec. 7, at 8. Visitors welc. Adm. free.

"A SCIENTIST'S Impressions of Israel Agriculture." Speaker: Dr. G. W. Scott-Blair, M.A., F.R.I.C. (National Institute for Research in Dairying, Reading), on Monday, December 12, at 6 p.m., at 13 Mansfield Street, London, W.1. Admission free: Apply to: The Secretary, Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Mansfield Street, W.1.

"FOREIGN Office versus Israel." Discussion will be opened by Dr. J. Jackson on Tuesday, December 6, at 6 p.m. at 30, Hertford Street, Park Lane, W.1. Chairman, Mr. Henry Clayton. Admission free on application to General Zionist Organising Committee, 17 Cavendish Square, W.1.

BULGARIA. Your questions ansd. by panel well-known personalities. Mon., Dec. 5, Conway Hall, 7.30. 1s. Soc. Frd. Bulgaria.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. "The Protection of the Consumer," by Mark Abrams. 7.30, Wed., Dec. 7. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors Welc. 2s.

LECTURE: "Typography as a Social Art," by Alan Hutt. Morris Room, 78 Regents Park Rd., N.W.1 Sun., Dec. 11. Adm. 1s. Arr. by Communist Party Artists' Group.

"SOVIET Imperialism." Thurs., Dec. 8, 7.30. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Adm. free.

PEGASUS Theatre Society: Fredk. May: "Ugo Betti" Oak Rm. Arts Th. Club. Sun., Dec. 4 at 8. Mems. 2s. Non-mems. 3s.

YOGA. Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. Talks every Tues., 6.30, Dec. 6: "Renunciation in Action." Arr. Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

EDUCATION in Switzerland. Mme. Faillettaz, principal of "Bleu-Leman," finishing school for girls in Villeneuve-Montreux (January-April in the mountains, study and winter sports) will meet parents of girls wishing to learn French or other languages, commerce, secretariate, domestic science at Syskon College, Millfield Lane, Highgate West Hill, N.6, on December 5 and December 7. To make an appointment kindly apply to Miss Lineham, MOU. 4801.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for univ. graduates. New courses January 5. Day and residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A.(Cantab.), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Rd., London, N.W.3.

READING Efficiency Courses for business executives, research workers, civil servants. Particulars from North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., London, N.W.5.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FOREIGN Languages. New term private & class tuition daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages, 20/21 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1. MAY. 2120.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for G.C.E., Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

GREGG and Pitman intensive day/evening courses. Frances King Secretl. School, 1a Harrington Road, S.W.7. KEN. 4771.

SWITZERLAND. Holiday Courses in French will be held during Christmas holidays & throughout the year for yng. people over 15. Lge., sunny chalet in mountains (3,500 ft.); winter sports; gd. plentiful food. H. Tuyn, Les Volets Jaunes, Chateau-d'Oex.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on p. 774

More Classified Adverts. on pages 774 and 775

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